"THE BALLOON BOYS," A THRILLING STORY FOR BOYS BEGINS NEXT WEEK

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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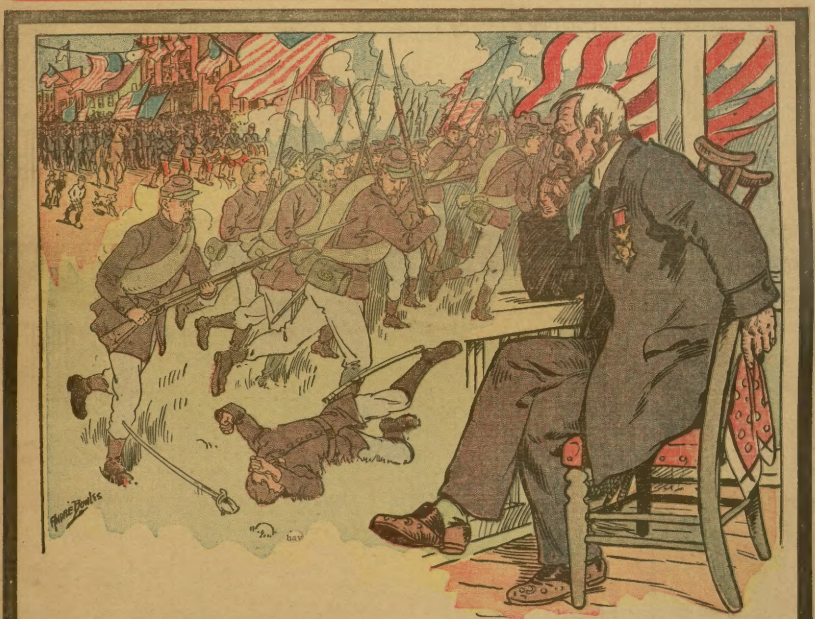
ON MEMORIAL DAY.

By T. C. HARBAUGH.



With crutch by chair the veteran sits alone by open door,
He hears the drums that deeply stir his old blood as of yore,
And memory wings her flight again to Georgia's waving pines
Where once his comrades bravely stood in matchless battle lines;
Again he greets his comrades dear who march in columns deep,
To strew the graves of heroes true who on the hillside sleep—
The gallant lads with whom he fought in regions far away,
Before Columbia sanctified her first Memorial Day.

No longer does he guide the plow, as once with steady hand
He guided it before he joined that loved and loyal band,
Who, 'neath the Nation's flag of stars, heroic faced the foe
Amid the awful storm of death, but that was long ago;
With recollections of the past he looks adown the years,
Recounts with joy, a soldier's life, its triumphs and its fears,
And heaves a sigh for those who rest, his comrades brave and true,
Secure from battle's rude alarms, immortal in their blue.

What if his eyes grow moist again? What if his hair is white?
He feels as young as when he marched so nobly to the fight;
The story that his crutches tell is blazoned on that page,
Where History's pen has written of her most heroic age;
He dreams of camp-mates left behind beneath the Southern sun
Where laughing to the sunlit seas the crystal rivers run;
He sees the campfires blaze once more, upon the hazy hill,
Again he guards the silent camp beside the lovely rill.

The echoes of the bugle's blast are there to thrill his soul,
For him the battle charge rings out, he hears the drums' long roll,
And when today he looks upon the slowly moving lines
He quick recalls the hosts that fought beneath the ghostly pines;

The graybeards limp adown the street behind Old Glory fair,
The people of the countryside in gay attire are there,
But for the veteran old and grim, his heart is far away
'Mid scenes that Memory fondly links to this Memorial Day.

"Thank God!" he cries, "I see the flag beneath whose folds I stood
That fearful day when shot and shell went screaming thro' the wood;
Divided then, united now, one country 'neath the stars,
Prepared to bear its hallowed folds thro' all our future wars;
The notes of victory loud and long today are ling'ring still
When North and South upheld our flag upon the Cuban hill;
It floats before a wondering world and on the boundless main
Where our united country broke forever the pow'r of Spain.

"I cannot march, but still my heart goes with "the boys" today
Who scatter where my comrades sleep the wreaths of rose and spray,
Ere long I'll sleep beneath the pines upon the hillside fair,
Where not a battle shout is heard to stir the summer air;
In glory's bivouac to rest until the Grand Review
Where gallant men who fought in gray will march beside the blue—
Where all the old, old comrades on the grand, eternal plain,
Will greet their old commanders true and elbows touch again."

The ranks have vanished down the street, the veteran bows his head
And breathes a prayer for those who share the bivouac of the dead;
He seems to see the flowers fall upon each cherished form,
That breasted in the long ago the awful battle storm;
A smile lights up his kindly face as he salutes once more,
The flag that flutters in the breeze beyond his open door;
He lingers while he hears the sounds of music far away
And gives his benediction on the land's Memorial Day.

By WILLIAM H. MANNING.

THE TREASURE BEARERS;

OR THE HAWK OF THE FURLAND.

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CHAPTER VIII.
THE CASTAWAYS.

The most sanguine of the voyageurs expected nothing less than a crash upon foam-hidden rocks, but, to the intense relief of all, the boat settled upon sand, and with surprising lack of violence. Roger Sevren's every sense was on the alert, and he quickly saw great possibilities for good in the first step in shipwreck.

He leaped to land and flashed a glance around him. On the one side he saw the pines and willows, and on the other an advancing wave that loomed high and ominous.

"Out with the tracking lines!" he shouted. "Make a turn around the boat, and then carry to the trees!"

His plan was comprehended by his men at once. The boat must be prevented from being sucked back into the water.

The hardy boatmen, fearless as the gale that demanded their lives, clutched at the tracking lines, but the force of the waves broke over them. They clung to the craft, and the little that the latter was dragged back by the suction was not material. Quickly, then, they placed the ropes, after which they ran to the beach and made the loose ends fast there. After a fashion, the boat was anchored to land. But that it would withstand succeeding waves was so problematical that the partisan had no idea of trusting to that overmuch.

"Unload!" he added tersely.

He sprang into the craft and began lifting the pieces. As each was raised a ready voyageur seized it and carried for high ground. It was no time for the adjustment of turns-lines, and reliance was placed wholly in strong arms and speedy feet. Roger working zealously in the boat, a stream of voyageurs were passing to and forth like ants in great activity, and the cargo was being thus transferred to a safe point.

In the excitement of the moment David Hatley would have risked his life, but with his knowledge of the perils of wreck, Sevren would not allow the middle-aged man to expose himself.

"Keep by, Isaac," he had managed to whisper subtly to David, and the latter obeyed. They stood well back and watched the bearing men and the racing gale.

Peter Kenway, too, was idle. He found himself wholly unfitted, and his exploits had not been timber. Wreck and financial risks seemed to have no terrors for him. His face, flaming through all haps and, keeping just out of the way of the toilers, he swaggered about on the sands. For a time he hurled defiance at the gale, but soon came down to nearer events.

Anon, he started toward where the inland pieces were being piled, but Barbie, who had been running to and fro with intense delight in this active process, promptly took his place between Peter and the goods, and that individual prudently paused.

"Curse the dog!" he muttered.

Barbie understood the tone. If not the words he grew more threatening of aspect. He growled deeply, and his presence convinced Kenway as to his own course. He moved nearer to David and Helen.

"A lively scene!" he exclaimed flippantly.

The girl believed that he should be working in time like the rest, but she looked at him coldly and answered pointedly:

"The voyageurs, sir, are striving manfully, and there is need of their exertions, for the veriest novice can see that every hand here is needed to save the pieces from the water."

"Quite right," agreed Kenway, twirling his mustache complacently. "The fellows are doing a very pretty job. Nobody knows how better. I admire the voyageur class. Each one can take more ease in ten minutes than twenty other men, and, when danger or duty calls, every man of them can do the work of a hundred. How do my figures match yours, Master Campbell?"

There was a sneer in his speech, and Helen's indignation did not lessen.

"Certainly," she agreed. "Some of them can do more than a hundred like some men."

"As usual, we have the same opinion," returned Peter, unruffled by the hint. "They buckle to like perpetual motion combined with lightning. Now they have fought the gale when afloat. Gallant fellows!"

He took a couple steps toward the men in his stiff fashion, waved his hand and shouted:

"Well done, men, well done! Keep up the pace you have been at, and I will certainly give each one of you a pound note when we reach Detroit!"

Despite the howling of the gale, the promises reached Roger Sevren's ears. He lifted his head for a moment. He thought he scented mischief in the pledge. Even if his guarantee were more than a possibility the men for Kenway would turn their good will toward him. It looked like a bid for their good will, but the partisan was too wise to heed the incident.

Constantly exposed to the waves, and often in great danger of being carried away by the undertow, the men labored gladly at this task and lifted the pieces for the boatmen as fast as they were ready for them. Even the heavy bateau-chandelier was near the pile on land, took active interest in proceedings, and, at least once, was seen occasionally dodging the waves, and grovelling in safety from them.

Peter Kenway stalked back and forth on the sands.

"A lively night, by gad!" he exclaimed. "When the storm king stirs in his wrath man is a feeble vessel. It was pitched from one bout to another like a batted ball. Perfectly helpless! Ah, there's a big bolt, but the less lightning, boom, thunder!—we are safe from you. Man has conquered the mighty deep!"

The speaker flung out his arms widely and laughed recklessly. He was greeted by the workers, but Helen and David looked at him with strong disapproval. He was too thoughtless, and of wreck.

Presently the last of the cargo was under shelter, after which the men, after the boat had conveyed it to high land. This done, the bateau pieces were covered with blankets and canvas and shut away from the grasp of the storm.

Somewhere near the last pile was one piece that contained no merchandise, but, instead, held treasure, the value of which was by thousand pounds. And this treasure was now in wreck and disaster.

Roger's task was over, and what manner of land they had under their feet. It proved to be a long, narrow, low island of wide and twice as long. A narrow line of sand was on all sides, but, mainly, it was very elevated and rocky, with a few rocks in the center at various points, and a generous growth of trees, alders and other occasional poplar. As a refuge in time of stress it could not be better adapted.

When this had been ascertained the partisan directed that a night-camp and fire be made, and, with this accomplished, a strong blaze was soon mounting upward. This was of double service. It gave them warmth and was a beacon to their absent and invisible comrades.

Rain was still falling heavily, so poles were arranged and covered with canvas to form wide tents shaped like one-half of the roof of a house. Shelter was thus obtained, and the hardy voyageurs were soon smoking with relish, and, joking and laughing, they now got out their pemmican and made ready for a feast. Week was nothing to them as long as they had tobacco, tea and food.

But Roger Sevren walked apart from them and looked into the storm. It had in no wise abated. Lightning, thunder, wind, wave and darkness were everywhere, and he had never seen so bad a night on the Lake of the Woods.

Where were the other boats? The Express had been so far ahead when the gale broke as suddenly that it was possible they had safely found refuge on an island before the danger came. But the one craft that Roger knew was foundered, that of the second Oakley boat—where were they? Until the storm more than a possibility that the tempest had that night claimed victims to its wrath.

Behind, to the fire he found the other members of his party giving attention to supper. The voyageurs were eating pemmican without any cooking, and Kenway was laughingly munching, but David had put on over the fire and was more formally preparing the repast for Helen and himself. Roger turned to his duties for the evening.

"Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!" he mocked. "It stalks flat-footed in some quarters. Some men have a genius for it. Curious, now. Ears. Now, that you would like a smart sprinkling of sugar and mushrooms in your tea, Peter, and a dash of red pepper to make food for rubellion. Ah, Ears, you sly dog, you have a luxurious appetite!"

This banter might have been harmless under some circumstance, but it was something more when colored by Kenway's manner. He answered with a sneer, which he tallied, and was contemptuous and insolent.

Roger felt his gauntlet flung in his face, and heavily enough so that his victim cringed. Then Kenway laughed loudly.

"Well said, Master Sevren," said David curtly.

"I see so. Why not? Why should I object? Why, man, try to your heart's desire. I am tough, and common meat will do for me. Lucullus, I am tender!"

He cast his gaze on Helen, and Roger and his manner had their significance, and he hastened to enter the conversation.

"Perhaps not," he said, "I think I know where our comrades are."

"They are not boys," responded Kenway. "They are men, and too good to lose on this lake."

"Do you think they are lost?"

"I should be glad to know they are safe."

"Come, now," expostulated Peter, "they are Jean Baptiste voyageurs are veterans, skillful in all ways, brave and full of resources. Why, gentlemen, I know them, partisan—don't belittle them!"

Roger instantly understood. Kenway's manner had changed. His turbulent good humor of the days past had vanished. He was cool, calm, cold. His offer of defensive banter just before had been significant, and he was on guard. The last bit of remark was plainly an attempt to gain favor with the men, if not to weaken Roger's influence over them.

"I am a voyageur myself," returned the partisan, "and I know the men not much outside defense. We have learned our lessons in hardship, in mountains and prairies; in times of feast and famine. A voyageur, Mr. Kenway, should be a philosopher."

"Good, philosophy one of the boatmen.

Both Roger and Kenway looked at him sharply. He was Baptiste Prune, an athletic, cool-headed waterman, skilled in duty. Looking, Roger set him down as one to be trusted. What Kenway thought he did not tell.

"I too," he returned. "have served time as a voyageur."

"We remember your skill at Deux Rivieres Portage," interrupted Helen slyly and canty.

The men smiled, and Kenway changed expression slightly. Intentionally or otherwise, he handled the inland pieces at the portage of Deux.

"I used no tump-line," he retorted. "If I had—ah!—I am a veteran. Let it pass. Comrades, I do believe the night grows wilder."

Until the present occasion he had always posed as one unacquainted with the wilds, and, accepted at his word, that was why he had served as a boatman, he now attempted to divert attention from his words by changing the subject.

Another diversion came immediately. One of the men had been peering into the darkness.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "Yonder is a fire!"

CHAPTER IX.
THE VOYAGEURS.

All of the party rose at once. There was no need of explanation. Far away to the north they clearly saw a fire. Neither blaze nor outlines was visible, but the dull red patch on the face of night told the story to experienced eyes.

"Good!" exclaimed Roger. "Some of the other men have made land and started a campfire."

It was a relief, and, in a way, it gave a sense of companionship, but the two parties were widely separated. Impassable waters rolled between the two sets of campers.

Roger's followers again betook themselves to their pipes filled with tobacco and baroque, but he started to walk away without explanation. David made a motion as if to keep him company, but the partisan shook his head almost imperceptibly and the agent stayed. He had suspected Roger's wish that Kerway should not be left alone with the men.

Unheeding the storm, Roger made a circuit of the island. He wanted to be certain that no other craft had been cast on the same little drop of land, and this he made sure of in due time. They had the place to themselves.

Returning to the fire, he found the smoking still in progress. The three non-professionals were silent, but the voyageurs were talking with their usual animation.

They had drawn their pipe and tobacco from his fire-bag, filled the one with the other in an absent way and joined in the smoke. That was to them a mere detail of the leader. Somewhere in the pile of inland pieces just beyond the camp was the treasure he was conveying through so many dangers. The storm might, or might not, affect the future—it depended upon making safe junction with the Express, and that it was now outside of control that Helen's fortune lay exposed to the fury of the full-blown gale.

He looked at the girl more closely than usual. He thought she was well equal to it, and, moreover, ready and ready of wit —practiced alike in the ways of civilization and the wilderness. Her simple, yet elegant garments now with ease and confidence that never left the impression of woman-hood—acting a manly part and yet maintaining her self-respect—in the face of this terrible night. She was a model of courage and proper deportment.

And that it was not assumed he could be carry the treasure safe to its destination. Now, he had more to think of than his own fortune—her all in a financial way—was entrusted to him. Peter Kenway, the man of the woods and the rapids had said to him, "We duty's sake!" and Roger had answered, "For her sake, for her sake!"

"This night Reece" smoked on the island and Peter had suggested, "For her sake!" more than once.

What is in the future? What mischances of the wilds?—what hostile acts of man? From the latter he felt equal to a revenge at Thunder Bay, and recalled that, like Peter Kerway, Jason Bardell was a voyageur of experience, and the situation had seemed more serious in his eyes, and he was steadily contemplating Peter more.

Did he mean mischief? If so, what were his motives for such side? Since landing on the island Peter had bestowed many and significant looks upon the voyageurs, and swaggered like one sure of his position. What of the men?

Since the first the partisan had been beset with the opinion that he had a brigade of men who were the natural allies. Their class was universally rough and ready, friends to the friend, and one who failed in obedience and honor when in the service of his employers. Roger had seen lonely reaches. Hearts of oak had been rarely found. But he had known of exceptions.

Was this brigade? He looked them over.

The names of the men were Baptiste Prune, Francois Lasure, Louis Charlonnais, Louis Gouin, Michel Pere, Lazare Colot, and Baptiste Deschamps Carrel. In code Kerway meditated treachery, who was trustworthy?

Baptiste Prune stood first. Of him Roger felt sure. But the others? Of Charlonnais Roger knew little or nothing. He was an average gum, and, usually, would not have been a dangerous man. The last two had worked along the line, taking in Pere, Carrel, Lazare Colot and Deschamps, the latter to which they sat. Truly, it was mainly an ill-looking lot, with Gouin and Carrel leading the list as the unengaging qualities of face and manner.

Lazare Colot had been stooping to lift a fresh coal from the fire. He sat erect and, like Gouin and Carrel, his face was scrutinized and sat in surly silence while his comrades laughed and joked. Lazare had a bad reputation. He was deeply disliked by his associates because he had blood other than Canadian in his veins. Tree, he was regarded by them as the black sheep of the brigade. It was said that given them pleasure to leave him behind by stealth, or to maroon him by force, or even to throw him overboard in the worst storm Lake of the Woods ever saw.

They attempted none of these things. If their hate was active, so were their fears. Lazare Colot was honored in one way—he was not among the enemies did not care to tempt his fighting qualities.

Lazare was disliked now by his commander. Roger's gaze lingered until he found look no longer. He went away baffled. Lazare was an enigma.

He summed it up: Prune, faithful, and Charlonnais probably so. Gouin and Carrel, the most to be distrusted, and Pere, Lazare and the voyageurs proper of the same class. Lazare Colot, wholly uncertain.

Truly, if Peter Kerway had been tampering with the men's loyalty, the outlook for Roger and the treasure was not bright. It looked as if the odds would be against the treasure-guard.

His meditations were interrupted by a movement on the part of Deschamps who had grumbled that his tobacco was bad.

"Try mine!" exclaimed Gouin. "I am to carry a good article. Fill up, Louis. Ah, I seem to be well provided. Pass it along. Now, every voyageur is complete. He Smoke, lads, and be merry. Here's to long life and good luck to the party!"

The swarthy boatmen returned thanks volubly and filled. Kerway stole a sly glance at Roger, but the latter was looking into the darkness with an air of indifference. He was not indifferent. He had seen generous men in the past, but, now, he felt that Peter's gift had another meaning.

Unless he wronged the men, he was seeking to still further bind the voyageurs to his cause, and every fraction that he gained was a weakening of their devotion to Roger—if disbelief was stood.

Barbe entered the circle of light with his

MRS. A. M. HAGERMANN

ALL WOMEN SUFFER

from the same physical disturbances, and the nature of their duties, in many cases, quickly drift them into the borders of all kinds of female complaints, organic troubles, ulceration, falling and displacements, or perhaps irregularity or suppression causing backache, nervousness, irritability, and sleeplessness.

Every woman should read and remember that the medicine that holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female ills is

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

made from simple native roots and herbs. For more than thirty years it has been helping women to be strong, regulating the functions perfectly and overcoming pain. It has saved itself invaluable in preparing for child-birth and the Change of Life.

Mrs. A. M. Hagermann, of Bay Shore, L. I., writes:—Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I suffered from a displacement, excessive and painful functions so that I had to lie down or sit still most of the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman so that I am able to attend to my duties. I wish every suffering woman would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and see what relief it will give them."

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female illness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. for advice She is the Mrs. Pinkham who has been advising sick women free of charge for more than twenty years, and before that she assisted her mother-in-law Lydia E. Pinkham in advising. Therefore she is especially well qualified to guide sick women back to health.

face turned toward his master. His course was past Korway. When he was abreast that individual Peter chanced to stir a leg abruptly. Barbe growled menacingly, stopped and gazed at the man. Peter had started perceptibly at the growl, and he barely checked a movement to draw back.

The partisan called his dog, and Barbe went to his side. An angry expression was on Korway's face and hot words on his lips, but he hesitated both. His eyes smiled.

"For devotion," he said, with easy flow of words, "give me a dog. With them, the gulf between master and stranger is deep as the mere of Avelloc. Still, kindness can change their doubts to love. Partisan, when this journey is over I will give you ten pounds for your animal."

"Barbe is not for sale," answered Roger quietly.

"A fine fellow, a faithful brute. But offish, sir, offish and full of dignity. That is all right. Soft ways don't defend masters. A good dog!"

Several did nod acknowledge the compliment. He felt that Peter was trying to secure himself for his false acting—and was not inclined to help him to it.

Barbe seemed to have even more pronounced views. He now lay at his master's side, happy in such companionship, but with an eye on the stranger in the cloak and ungracious of aspect. Korway, always contemptuous of the ability of Severn and David, held Barbe in awe. The dog's bad temper, which was a gift from his wolf ancestors, and his great, muscular shoulders and jaws, together with his suggestive jaws, filled Peter with surprise that no fatal incident had happen if Barbe was fully aroused.

The fire sat late, for there was a possibility that others might be cast ashore on the island, but this idea finally lapsed with the dead and they sought their blankets. There they lay through the bulk of the night, following the storm, before day dawned.

When they rose they found the tempest still active. Gale had given place to storm, and the lake was heaving under the lash of the wind. Great trees were down over the land, and it was a wet and dreary situation, from rain hand-ward.

Roger made a circuit of the island without discovering anything new. They had the place to themselves, and were likely to keep their new habitation for some time. A boat could live in the storm only by good luck, and, in any case, it would be difficult to reach it.

The partisan had no thought of such rashness; for the present the island must be their dwelling place.

He had nearly regained the camp when he met David and Helen. The latter protested that they looked troubled, and the agent was not slow to explain.

"Severn," he exclaimed, "the boat is stove in!"

Roger started and was seized with consternation.

"Stove in!" he repeated quickly. "Then there has been treachery!"

"Just what we think," returned David, "the hand of Peter Korway shows here."

"We will see."

With this the partisan moved quickly toward the craft, his associates keeping by his side. Barbe went with them on the way.

If the boat had been tampered with, a severer crisis was close at hand.

CHAPTER X.

PISTOL SHOTS.

Roger feared the worst, and his face was still grave as he knelt by the empty boat. Then his eyes and hands were busy for a time, after which he looked up quickly.

"No need to worry," he said cheerfully.

"How is that?" David asked wonderingly.

"There is a gun, sure enough, but it was the work of nature, not of man. When the craft was beached above it must have struck a dangerous substance, or else we graze an obstruction when afloat, for she is surely hurt a bit. It is not of something that we can repair in short order. With the gale at hand, we need not worry as to that."

"I thought that black adder had been moving," returned David, evidently not greatly relieved by the good news. "See him hover over the dangerous spot! His tongue has got its swing back again, and he is a bundle of security."

He scowled upon the quarter where Peter Korway was acting the orator, and then suddenly added:

"He must not be with them. I will go back."

He did as he said, but Helen lingered.

"Partisan," said she, "I wish I knew what is in your mind."

"It is your right," answered Roger. "What do you wish to know?"

"What is the meaning of the man in the cloak?"

"If anything, it grows worse."

"Do you see evidences of impending trouble?"

"You have noticed the change in his manner. He has grown loquacious, sneering, unbalanced and generally offensive. I do not like his way with the men; it is prejudicial to discipline, and seems to indicate a desire to make them think him their bosom friend."

"You," asked the girl, sinking her voice low, "do you still suspect that he is Jason Bardell?"

"You remember the envelope we found at Thunder Bay?"

"McNeil Sech Bardell. Yes. And how did it get there, unless this man in the cloak left it? Partisan, it is not pleasant to have this person hovering around us!"

Roger saw that she shivered, and that, for the time, her assumption of masculine composure was gone. Sympathy stirred strongly within the man of the wild life.

"Helen," he said, "you are lonely. "The treasure will not be lost if my seal and cunning equal his."

"Your fidelity is well known to me; I hold you a true man and rare friend, sir. But this treasure! Partisan, it is not good!"

"The typical voyageur is not winning of face nor attractive of character, I confess, and this aggregation is a sample of all. Unless they have changed much from type, ever, they will, like the average of their class, follow me through all things; they will work their fingers to the bone, and die in the duty, expressed or implied—unless they have been tampered with!"

"Unless they have been tampered with!" sighed Helen. "Ah, me! Roger, I am in despair. Yes, for we all think they have been, or will be, tampered with."

"Come what may, you shall be protected."

"Your fidelity is not impeachable. But this swarthy man in the cloak makes life a burden. He is the agent of Korway, the partisan—danger for me, for you and David Severn, and for the treasure."

She sighed, and then added more vehemently:

"Sir, if danger presses too close on your heels, turn your back on the treasure and think of yourself and your friends."

"Madam, there are unwritten laws of the moon places, and, if not one of them, the law of this case is, first, the safety of yourself. After that, the treasure! David and I will look to ourselves for the while, and, as best we can, but this write down on the tablets of your memory. I am promised to take the treasure safe through the wilds and I will do it. If it lies in human power, Mark it down, the treasure goes through!"

Helen had never seen him in such a mood before. He was cool, brave and resolute she had well known, but this dogged determination, this unexpressed but subdued vehemence, was new to her.

Her eyes were brighter as she looked at him then, and she ventured no further remonstrance.

"As you will," she responded. "I trust all to you, but, if trouble comes, do not set me down as a coward. I am promised to tell!"

With this she turned and walked back to the fire with a step truly masculine, but never overdone.

Roger soon followed, joining his men with a face perfectly calm; after which he summoned them to council. The first questions were at once made, and, in due time, a piece of bark was sewed over the rent with withe and shingle and daubed with tar.

The boat was then ready for work as soon as it reached the water.

There was no thought of getting afloat. The wind held, and the waves pounded the northwest shore with a force that sent a little tide shake from end to end. It was quite impracticable to put off, even for a short distance. No sane man would put to sea in the storm.

Roger gave a good deal of attention to the surrounding waters. He again made the circuit of the island, and ascended the high tree to get as full a view as possible, but nothing came in sight. The wreckage of water was deserted, and clouds and mist prevented extended survey.

His mind was busier at fear that troubled him not a little. The Express boats had been well in advance of the storm, and broke, hence they would have a narrower strip of the lake than they usually have to traverse, and might be able to continue their journey much before the Oakley continent.

That was not pleasant reflection. With the treasure to guard, it was highly desirable to have the Express steamers in sight and call at all times. Danger would come of isolation.

The voyageurs kept by the fire and took life easy. When they were not smoking they were sleeping. Whatever else they did drinking tea, and these blessings blunted all unpleasantness.

Peter Korway was a hail fellow well met among them. Nobody smiled or drank more heartily, and his stories, which just aroused mirth and jollity among the intelligent, brought down the house with boisterousness, and joined with a will, albeit his musical efforts were as harsh as his voice was in speech.

He frequently addressed the other member of the party, and sometimes with the advised raillery, but never with sneers. Plainly, he was making an effort to be agreeable, and now and then he bowed to them as he had before then seen men of better breeding do, but his habitual rudeness made his imitations stiff and ungraceful.

Presently he gave heed to the weather, made appropriate remarks, yawned and acted as if bored.

"Why can't we have a little relaxation?" he added. "A foot-race, or wrestling, or—shi! no rain is falling now, and there is nothing to wet powder. Why not match at shooting? Voyageurs, show me your skill. I will do my humble part. Stay, here are the other voyageurs. Monsieur Campbell," and he bowed to Helen, "I will beat you at a target!"

"A target!" she repeated. "Ay! Blaze a tree, and see who can hit it the better. You and I only!"

"Nonsense!" interposed David hurriedly. "Mind why message, good Mr. Korway?" asked Korway. "We need amusement, and this young man of spirit—"

"Will shoot with you, sir," said Roger, steadily returned Helen.

The proposition was to her taste. She could fire a pistol with skill, and she wanted Peter Korway to know it. If he suspected anything, it would do no harm to have him aware that she could defend herself.

Roger heard the plan with dissatisfaction, but he quickly perceived the benefit of her ability; he did not demur. A glance from Helen kept David quiet.

A tree was selected and a blaze duly made. It showed within through the newly fallen bark. Mr. Severn was summoned by the distance. Helen was calm and composed.

"Now, Master Campbell," added Peter, "who leads?"

"The honor is yours," she returned. "Set me a task."

She was not about it with a covert sneer. Already his mind was dwelling on his belief that Peter Korway was not to be trusted.

Raising his pistol, he fired with brief aim. The ball struck a fir, but outside the blaze. There was a murmur of disgust from the voyageurs, but Peter was content. He was not yet time to humble Master Campbell.

"Your turn," he directed.

Helen walked the scratch he had used. Her color had increased a trifle, but her hand was steady as she took the pistol, aimed briefly and fired. The bullet found the centre of the blaze, though five inches from its center.

Korway threw a jeer at Korway. He was somewhat annoyed, but far from dispirited. Again he aimed, and this time with great deliberation touched the shot fired by Helen, but was the fraction of an inch outside of the target.

"You, next!" he repeated with overdone politeness.

Roger's heart beat faster than it ever did when his own energies were called into play. He had a woman's desire to establish an enviable reputation as a pistol-shot, and also a man's ambition. Men have wholesome respect for those who can take good care of themselves, and she was bidding for such respect.

But against her was a cool, experienced man, who looked doubtful and doubtful.

Again she took her place; again she fired. This time she planted the lead nearer the center than any previous shot had gone, and Korway saw the light of his lost chance. His manner had changed. He became cursed and profane. But one chance was left him to best his adversary, and his hope, unreasonable as it was gone, it had seen that "Master Campbell" could shoot, and he feared for his own reputation.

He fired; the blaze was pierced less than two inches from the center. Considering the long distance, the attempt was excellent. Korway's smile of triumph he stepped away to give Isaac a chance for a final attempt. Deliberately, too, he reloaded his pistol.

The disgusted girl was still cool, but she was conscious that her fire had doubts. Others regarded the contest as practically "ended" and it had been peculiar that each shot had just beaten its predecessor. That this would continue to the end was unlikely. Isaac had not fired, and he was a match result thus.

Roger looked carefully leveled; the steady eyes looked along the barrel; the trigger was pulled.

A bull's-eye!" shouted David Ridley.

The target was perforated near the mathematical center.

For a moment there was a forbidding expression on Korway's face, as if he was reluctant by rage and chagrin. Another moment, unheeding the cries of the excited voyageurs—who would have cried out the same had anybody else won—he turned upon Helen with a laughed shout.

"Heaten, by Jupiter!" he exclaimed. "I am left in the race, Miss, and I have only to admit it. A pretty pass, indeed, when my comb is cut by a beardless boy. But you are a marksman, Miss. Ha, ha! Korway's idea is good. I'll give you my pistol. Here it is!"

He tried to place the weapon in Helen's hands, but she rejected it and stepped back. His followed with laughing shouts of the pistol into her grasp. At that moment, Isaac, who had been unobserved, arose, and Roger Severn reeled and fell to the ground.

A moment of bewilderment followed. The shot and the fall had come so suddenly that all were dazed. The partisan lay struggling, suddenly still. The voice rang out loudly.

"Foul play! This is deliberate murder!"

CHAPTER XI.

TROUBLE IN THE BRIGADE.

David sprang to lay hold of Korway, but Roger Severn leaped lightly to his feet. At that moment the most noticeable feature of the scene was Barbe's fearfully-pallid face. The partisan had heard and understood all. He caught David's arm and checked him.

"Stay, stay!" he directed, in an even voice. "What would you do?"

"The shot was meant for you!" declared the agent impetuously. "Let me at the knave."

"Not guilty!" spoke Peter coolly. "Yet, Mr. Ezra Dow, whatever you want in the way of satisfaction is yours by the getting. I am ready for you with pistol, muscle or anything you choose!"

"And I—"

Roger checked the speaker more authoritatively.

"Silence, both!" he commanded. "We will have no quarreling. Let this matter drop right where it is."

"That means that you hold me innocent, does it not?" asked Korway, as lightly as the quivering nerves had recovered.

"I have said that this must be dropped here. That is enough."

But Mr. Gouin stepped forward. He spoke roughly.

"That boy pulled the trigger," he said. "I saw him!"

He pointed to Helen, and his dark face bore an ugly look.

"I saw the same," added Francois Lasure.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Peter Korway quickly. "Your eyes deceived you, men; nothing of the sort occurred. Master Campbell is innocent as yourselves—"

"I say I saw him pull the trigger," persisted Gouin sullenly.

"Good voyageur," returned Korway carelessly, "don't repeat your mistake. Even if it was Master Campbell's finger that discharged the pistol—but it was not—it would have been mere chance. I am the only one that is to blame. I indulged in horse-play, and the shot was accidentally fired. I think the trigger caught on my sleeve. I take responsibility, and I am profoundly sorry. I only hope that our worthy partisan is not seriously hurt."

Under the impression that this was a time for politeness, Peter pulled off his hat and stood uncovered—a mockery of courtesy.

Silence ensued. Louis Gouin rubbed his face with a hand. He was in the air of uncertain as to his proper course. Francois Lasure looked hard at Korway and appeared puzzled.

Roger stood erect, firm and easy. He had resumed his self-control at the talking, and David and Helen took their cue from him. They were not surprised, but he rallied his mental forces.

"Mr. Severn," he added, "are you wounded?"

"There is a hole through his hunting-shirt," answered Korway, with a little expression one of anxiety.

Roger seemed satisfied and broke his silence.

"There need be no worry over the performance," he responded. "As near as I can tell, the bullet passed through the shirt and was turned by the belt. I am glad to see that the shirt overhangs in a fold. I staggered back from the shock, caught my foot on yonder hummock of earth and fell. No harm is done. Here comes a dash of rain—and a wet back is better."

"First," said Korway, very seriously, "let me say that I will make amends for the future. Nobody else can regret this as much as I do. I am not in all my days apt to be so business to handle firearms so recklessly."

"No harm is done," growled Louis Gouin. "Voyageurs don't mind such sport."

He spoke like one not sure of his position, and Roger, as he gave him a reading glance, felt back safely.

"I don't deserve apologies," added Korway. "Let the matter drop for my vindication."

With this he turned away and said no more. Roger was glad of regret he had not been overdone. Indeed, he had conducted himself very well, but it was his instinct that neither Roger, David nor Helen joined in his excuses. The partisan was outwardly calm and an observer would, on the incident closed.

It left its sting, however. Roger and his two passenger friends were grave and thoughtful. Louis Gouin was sullen-minded, and Korway, after sitting awhile by the fire, grew gradually more and more harsh and turbulent of countenance.

Various matters were in his mind, not the least of which was the determination of the way in which the partisan had disposed of his pistol.

David seized the first opportunity to ask for Roger's opinion.

"Korway has misled the captain of the brigade, than played a game and lost. Unless I am greatly mistaken, the trial of marksmanship was only a means to an end. There was a deliberate attempt on my life!"

"So it seems to me," replied David.

"Some of the voyageurs, I think, were in the plot with him. Louis Gouin and the man who had learned a lesson and appear to be of it."

"I thought," said the agent, "that Korway was the leader of the party. Gouin when that fellow started to speak."

"And I think I observed the same. If so, Korway's attempt to shoot me was a blind."

"That I cannot dispute. If I thought otherwise I should not have taken his notes at all so tamely. Ordinarily, it is folly to tolerate meddler in a brigade—discipline should be rigorously enforced. Now, however, I doubt my men, and am temporizing. Until we rejoin Alexy Michel and the other boatmen I want to avoid open rupture with Korway and my voyageurs."

David changed countenance perceptibly. He was not a good diplomat, and this policy ... delay did not appeal to him properly. As he looked at it, the side in a contest that could not sustain its prestige was already 'eaten.'

"I said it from the first!" he exclaimed. "I told them that this treasure could never be got out of Rupert's-land! The Bardeils are too cunning to be beaten. It could not be sent down the St. Lawrence. No, and I said to them that the route through this fur-land would not keep Jason Bardeil off. From the first I said it!"

"Then, from the first you made a mistake!" retorted Roger. "We have the treasure under our care, and it goes through safely. Mark that down, David!"

The partisan did not speak boastfully. His assertion was merely the determination of ... brave man. David heard, and he rallied somewhat.

"Be the outcome what it may, I am with you in the fight. You, as for Jason, if he presses us too hard I have a bullet for his mean carcass. Severn, you'll have to say what Seth and Jason and Knavery has its tabernacle within them; there is no deed so dishonorable, contemptible and dark that they shrink from it."

"In battle it makes little difference whether the foe is white or black. This battle is on, and we will do our part with an eye to victory and to Peter Korway must be beaten."

"And the treasure saved."

"If we don't save it we will not save ourselves."

Roger did not care to talk too long with David, so he terminated the interview. He wanted to speak with another man, and he sought occasion to draw Baptiste Proue aside by a reasonable excuse. At the first opportunity he addressed him abruptly.

"Baptiste, is all well with the brigade?" The voyageur started and looked at his commander in a troubled way.

"Should!" added Severn.

"Why do you ask the question?" returned Proue slowly.

"Because I want to know what I have asked!"

"Shall I speak my mind freely?"

"That is just what I want you to do."

Baptiste threw back the black hair that hung over his fine brow, hesitated a moment and then dropped the index finger of one hand into the palm of the other. Then he ticked off his points.

"If I were going as partisan through the North-land, I should not want Louis Gouin, Francois Lasure, Pierre Carrel, Lazare Colot nor Moise Deroux in my brigade."

"Why not?"

"Well, as to Lazare and Moise, I know no evil of them, but I do not like them."

"But the others?"

"Lasure, Gouin and Carrel I have heard of in a way that a partisan would not like. The story goes that there are many places in the fur-land where they dare not go, lest they be beaten. Perhaps, I don't know so true these things are, but men couple dark deeds with their names—nothing worse!" added Baptiste, sinking his voice to a nervous whisper.

"Ah! and what of Louis Chardonnais and Michel Pera?"

"Louis you can depend on, partisan. He is all right; he is a true and honest man. Michel—I don't know. Michel has despoiled evil spells, and speaks his mind to nobody."

"Can you not sound him and get at his views?"

"I will try."

"And what of Peter Korway?"

Baptiste cast a quick glance toward the camp. He was like one frightened and nerve-racked. Nobody was braver in dangerous rapids than Baptiste, but he was scared by the last question.

"Captain," he asked, after a pause, and voice was sunk to a whisper, "who is that man Korway?"

"What do you mean?"

"I believe he is the devil!" muttered the voyageur. "He looks it, he acts it! I have been pictures of the devil, and I know. This man—this Peter Korway—he makes me shiver. Maybe you don't. Maybe I am superstitious, but he sets me a-quiver. His smile, his voice, his figure, his manner—why, I tell you he is not a man at all. May the saints defend us!" and Baptiste crossed himself fervently.

"Cannot you tell something to account for your opinions?"

"No. It is the man—his way and his looks."

"Do you know his history?"

"No. I never saw or heard of him before."

"Tell me, has he tampered with my men?"

"Ah, monsieur, he is too good a comrade with them for my liking. It is not that he is friendly—there is no harm in that—but he seems to be over-thick with Gouin, Carrel and Lasure. I do not know that he has tampered with them, but he seems to be off the same piece that they are."

"Can you give me any word you have heard on this subject?"

"No, captain. Korway is too wily for that. But it is sly looks, whispers and the like. He and they seem to be too good comrades, I say."

"And you doubt Colot, Deroux and Pera?"

"Yes, especially Deroux and Colot."

"But Jessie Campbell and Colot great service at the falls near Fort Francis."

"Mon dieu! what can you expect from one who has Sioux blood?" asked Baptiste scornfully. "I do not trust Lazare Colot."

"Well, voyageur, I know I can depend upon you."

"To the death!" declared Proue stoutly.

"Then you can be of great aid to me, and faithful service shall be well repaid in the end. I want you to weld Chardonnais closer to our interests, and try to do the same with Michel Pera. Also, carefully sound Deroux and Colot."

"Deroux, yes. Colot—ah! that Sioux, that Sioux! Lazare Colot never has had a good word for me. Still, I will try. We need him. Yes, for there is trouble ahead, and we are fewer than Peter Korway's gang."

CHAPTER XII.

MOVEMENTS IN THE NIGHT.

Roger Severn left Baptiste with additional weight on his mind. He felt that he could rely implicitly on Proue, and the assertion of the latter that the brigade was divided in sentiments, and in part ready to obey Korway's wishes, gave fresh cause for worry.

The partisan could rely upon only two voyageurs. Proue and Chardonnais. Korway was sure of Gouin, Carrel and Lasure, and probably of Colot and Deroux. Even if Pera could be attached to Roger's interests, the odds were still against the commander.

Severn chafed under this condition of affairs. His strong, masterful nature rebelled at the temporizing policy. Knowing that the right way to check incipient rebellion was to get on its first appearance, and that one bold stand by a leader almost invariably settled everything, he sighed for freedom to take that stand.

With Helen and the treasure back in Toronto his way would have been clear, but even if Alexis Michel and his second crew of boatmen had been present, it would be awkward to be left with the treasure and a half crew in the far places.

Who would pull the cars on the way to Ore...on?

No! Trouble was not desired if it could be avoided.

Roger watched the storm and weighed

"Foul Play!"

the weather chances. The rain had ceased and the wind blew less vehemently. Under the flagging light of the storm the waves were running a trifle less tumultuously, but another night was near and he knew the darkness could not be launched with safety for some hours.

Where were the other boats? He asked himself the question for the hundredth time, but the fog hung thick and opaque, and scrutiny of the outlying waters was useless.

And so darkness fell. The entire party gathered by the fire. The voyageurs were in a jolly mood. Their pipes were drawn out, and the laugh and jest went round their circle. Fear was with a few mood. Serious almost to the point of melancholy, he told dismal stories and spoke of the hazards and perils of the wilderness. These tales, he stated, had been told to him in the store where he did his business in salmon. Further, he related incidents where spirits had appeared to men in city and in the open country, and when he did this he sunk his voice to a whisper, and often peered into the darkness as if ghosts and human slayers might be there.

It was David who cast this insidious warfare, and he did it well. He told stories, too, but they were invariably humorous. Incidents farcical with him, and proved, in the end, to be mere men. Ridicule enveloped his men and spirits, and he kept some show of jollity among the voyageurs.

Yet the victory was with Korway. The halfbreeds were all superstitious, and Peter's real ghosts were accepted better than David's counterfeits, for the reason that they believed in such things as supernatural visitors.

As a result, the party went to their blankets. Anon, with Korway still further intrenched in his commanding position among them.

Roger lay awake longing for another day to dawn. He had a feverish desire to rejoin Alexis Michel and his men. True, the fidelity of the second crew was a matter of doubt, but Alexis, strung, cool and sagacious, was a better man than any helper who sat in Roger's own craft.

He longed for day and Alexis.

Finally the partisan slept. He slept, and grim visions of violent deeds by lawless men haunted his pillow. He woke to find something pulling at his sleeve.

A glance showed that it was Barbe.

When the dog was peacefully by the campfire, or moved out of his usual calm, there was good reason to look to the cause of his disquiet; and when he tugged at his master's sleeve it was as good as a warning in a human voice.

Roger looked around him critically. All was still, but second glance showed him that two men were missing from the circle of light. They were Korway and Goulin.

Barbe looked toward a certain quarter and growled ever so slightly. The partisan followed his example. Then he rose quietly, saw that his pistol was ready for use and slipped off into the darkness. Barbe went with him.

From tree to tree glided the leader, but always in the direction of the fire. Soon from him within plain view of where the freight was piled. The sky had cleared: a few stars shone, and their light fell on the canvas that covered the inland pieces, and on the darker space immediately beyond.

Something moved there. Men were by the heap. Two dark figures stirred, rose, bent, and were outlined against the canvas.

The partisan, perturbed out of his usual caution, decided that it was time to check hostile activity, but he wanted to see more before acting. By moving a little farther to the right he could gain nearer view, and he made the deviation. When he gained his desired position he looked again, and then saw the two prowlers walking briskly toward the fire. He had no chance to intercept them, and had to let them go.

He stood irresolute. Everything seemed in good order where the freight lay, and he was not prepared to take definite action with a little circumstance against him. What was invisible was unproved.

After some delay he went back to the camp. Korway and Goulin had taken their feet.

"Ha, partisan," said Peter easily, "did you see it, too?"

"See what?" Roger asked.

"The loon cry."

"What loose cows?"

"Why, a sheet of it came trundling into camp, so Tiery and I took it back and fastened it in place. The wind had roiled away the stones that held it."

The falsehood was well told, but it did not deceive Roger. His answer was as careless as if he suspected nothing.

"I should be in good, though we are not likely to have more rain."

"Wherein I rejoice!" declared Peter fervently. "There is much cedar-wood yonder. Lake of the Woods is a rough playtellow when Boreas blows in his face. Ugh! we have had a rough time of it!"

He cast himself down and rolled his blanket around him, and Carrel followed his example. Severn made a commonplace reply, but himself lighted his pipe and began to smoke composedly. He had intentionally taken position near Baptiste Proue, and presently he touched that person lightly.

Baptiste seemed to be asleep, but his fingers closed over his leader's arm in silent reply.

"What have you seen?" asked Roger softly.

"I saw you go," answered Proue, "and then Louis Gouin rose and waved a firebrand. Then Korway and Carrel came back."

"He signalled to them?"

"It must be so."

"Anything more?"

"No."

"Enough! Sleep!"

Baptiste became silent, and Roger sat statue-like and said no more. Gouin lay as if wrapped in deep, peaceful sleep. Korway yawned, muttered and seemed to sleep. Of the others, Barbe alone was restless. He crouched by his master, his pointed, wolflike face full of ill temper, his strong muscles tense and, his eyes restless, ever on the move. He looked at Korway and Carrel with unmistakable loathing.

A word from Severn would have launched the faithful animal upon the late prowlers.

As the night waned the partisan sought his blanket briefly and secured more sleep. At daybreak all were astir. Four of his companions were motionless under their blankets. He rose, and, with Barbe by his side, walked to the shore.

The sky was clear. The northwest wind was fairly mild. The lake was still rough, but not sufficiently so to endanger navigation. Roger looked out for just that, but saw only sail that might be set. He was seized with a momentary desire to put to sea, and all the more so because there were signs along the horizon that betokened storm before many hours had passed.

He hastened back to the fire and aroused the others. They were quite ready to rise, and the captain gave his orders. David and Helen were left to prepare the breakfast of pemmican, and the voyageurs summoned for action. The boat was wholly above the waterline, but was quickly floated.

Next came the reloading, and the voyageurs ran to and fro with their burdens: so briskly that this task was soon accomplished.

While the inland pieces were coming to the hand and the wagon under canvas, Roger kept as sharp a watch as possible for the particular one that had been tampered with. The distinguishing mark was so slight that it was not easily seen, but he was so intent on his secret scrutiny that he failed to locate it.

He was thinking that he had failed when, among the last half-dozen, he saw the well known package. He paced it as near as possible to where he would sit when under way.

One thing more he saw. Louis Gouin handled no piece without giving it quick, sharp notice. So cool voyageur did that, and severn drew the inference that, of those whom Korway had attached to his cause, only Gouin knew that the fourth piece was under special consideration.

Yet, his survey was inquisitive rather than definite: there was no evidence that he knew of a private mark.

Breakfast was soon eaten and all embarked. The last to take final position was Barbe, and his master scrutinized him as he did so. The dog had lain down on the treasure package. He was a faithful and stout guardian, and if Barbe did not realize the peculiar fitness of his position, his will to defend it was unquestionable.

They left the island with the sail set and filling well. The immediate future, however, was full of question-marks. Proue's junction with the fugitives was imperatively necessary, else they would have to toil alone through the rough passage. Nor was between them and the Columbia River. If Alexis Michel's craft had successfully weathered the gale there was no doubt of their being able to pick their comrades up, and Alexis would work for them. Not so the Express. That brigade represented the imperial fur company, and it was hostile to no one.

The party bore down the lake as fast as the wind would convey them. They watched for other boats, but none crossed the line of their vision. Thus, four knots were spun off in lonely racing.

In due time they neared the wide peninsula that lay south of Clearwater Bay. A point where their course was close to land, and from which a view could be had west was caught by an unusual object.

A pole had been set in the sand, and from its top floated a dark garment. But more was to be seen. Something was fastened beneath the cloth in temporaneous flag.

"Will land," said the partisan.

He was soon ashore, and a few words got him to the pole. The lower object proved to be a shirt, and the dark characters traced upon it. Roger read these words:

"Boats wrecked on the rocks. Have crossed on Spur Island. Men and freight saved. Wants help. I will delay a little for you at Les Dalles, at the west end of Sandy Lake. If not, at Fort Alexander.

"PARKINSON."

The name was familiar. Parkinson was the captain of the Express brigade. Viewed on the surface the matter seemed clear, yet Severn hesitated. A wave of suspicion swept over him.

Did treachery lurk in the message?

Roger had met with extraordinary story of love and adventure in the Canadian Northwest in the dangerous days of the great fur competition, to be continued in next week's issue of the Ledger. This story unfolds a very strong plot and is richly rewarding if you read it to the close. A lot of very powerful stories will appear in these pages during the year. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we advise you to send $1.00 and have the paper regularly, also that you may secure entirely free one of our fine stereoscopes or any six of our new spring patterns that you may select. See our premium announcements on pages thirteen and fifteen.

It takes a cute girl to get so close to a man that when he tries to kiss her it's impossible for her to get away.

A PICTURED FACE.

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

I had become bored by the worthy old housekeeper's prosy history of the furniture in the great parlor, varied by comments upon the glories of the dead and gone family of Martindale. I stole on tiptoe across the room, bent on a private voyage of discovery.

The view from the deep-seated window was almost entrancing. Such a panorama of hill, woodland, and pastoral meads lay before my eyes that I wondered again—as I had done many times during the tour of Martindale House—what possessed the present owner to spend his time in foreign lands instead of living peaceably in his habitation.

Gazing around as I stood beside the window, I was attracted by a small, half-opened door, which when closed apparently resembled the other oak panels of the wall. In order to gratify my natural curiosity, I pushed it open softly and peeped in.

A small room lay beyond—a room softly carpeted like the parlor, with a small window looking out over the fair landscape. There was nothing else in the apartment except a picture that hung upon the bare wall opposite to me.

But the picture seemed to dominate the whole room—and in two seconds had dominated me. I stood gazing at the painted face upon the wall, lost for a few moments to all sense of the surroundings.

The picture represented a fair head and shoulders of a man in the prime of life and dressed in the fashion of a bygone time. His tunic was open at the throat; the lace collar fell back, showing the neck and its graceful turn of the neck. The face was oval, shapely, and clean shaven, the chin pointed and very firm; the nose cut in a straight line that boded strength of character; the brows were rather full of a haunting sweetness from which it seemed impossible to get away. Never had I seen a face, in life or in art, which born strength upon it so plainly the impress of a pure and upright character.

Merely to stand and look at the face in the picture made me feel a better woman. I do not know for how many minutes I had remained there spellbound, when a sharp exclamation from the old lady housekeeper stood there, an expression of dismay on her face.

"How did you get in there?" she hurriedly asked. "Miss—his room is never shown to visitors."

"How did?" I replied. "Why not? That picture alone is worth a visit. Whose is it?"

The housekeeper looked at me half fearfully.

"It's Francis, Lord Martindale," she muttered—and like him as two peas."

I glanced from her to the picture and back again. Whatever age the old lady might have attained, it could not belong obviously to the generation which had seen that picture in life.

"Some ancestor of the present earl, I suppose," I ventured at last.

Again she looked at me oddly.

"Yes—yes," she said. "An ancestor—two hundred years old, nearly, that picture is—and now we'd better be going on."

There was a distinct note of uneasiness in her voice. She tried to shut the door of the little room, but I held it open for one more glance at the beautiful face. The strange fancy haunted me that there was an appeal in the eyes which I had not before noticed. It was almost as if he were asking me to do something for him. With a sigh of regret I turned away.

"Why is that picture all alone in that room?" I asked.

"It has always been so—since that Lord Martindale died. The room is always locked. It was only left open by mistake today. I've been dusting."

The old lady spoke curtly, and I could obtain no more information from her throughout the remainder of the visit to Martindale House.

I was sorry to turn my back upon the charming old place. I had a vague hope of once more going over it, perhaps catching a glimpse of that beautiful face. But my stay in the neighborhood was limited, and I was unable again to visit the lonely house of the Martindales.

When I quitted the neighborhood the memory of that pictured face went with me. Years passed, the impression faded, as such impressions will, although occasionally the face seemed to appear before me with strong vividness.

Nearly a year later my brother begged me to accompany him to Kashmere, and, being deeply imbued with a love of adventure, I consented.

I was sitting one day on a small hillock, at the edge of an apricot orchard gorgeous with bloom, waiting for my brother, who was busily discussing sport with a dignified Kashmiri of his acquaintance, when the branches of a tree were pushed aside, and a man stepped quickly out of the orchard and took up at once. I was translated with amazement, for there, framed in the rosy softness of the apricot bloom, was the face which had haunted me with persistency for nearly a year—the fact of the picture in Martindale House

For a moment I thought I was looking at a ghost, the substantial proportions of the physical frame to which the face belonged with all ghostly terrors aside, and I collected my scattered wits sufficiently to realise that the man was a European, and, as far as I could judge, an Englishman.

Perhaps my face betrayed the dismay and astonishment which I felt, for a smile flitted over the stranger's. He politely lifted his cap in salutation.

"I am afraid I startled you, but I had no idea I should find an English lady sitting here," he remarked.

I did not at once answer him, for as he came closer my bewilderment increased. He was the picture over again, excepting that instead of a tunic with lace collar, he wore a rough coat. There was the face, only in shape, more tanned than the other, but with the same firm pointed chin, the same straight, clear-cut mouth—save that the living lips were parted in a smile, while those in the picture had been sternly set. The same brown eyes met mine, and their penetrating glance seemed to me to reach my heart.

"You look at me as though I were a ghost," he said, as he reached the top of the hillock and stood beside me.

"I feel as if you were," I replied. "You are simply the living image of a picture I saw a year ago."

"A picture?" He looked at me strangely. "Where have you seen one like me?"

"At Martindale House, in Blankshire," I answered, almost frightened by the stern look that came into his eyes. "I went over the house—and——"

"Bowley, the housekeeper did not show you the room where——"

"Yes—no!" I cried. "The door was left open by mistake, and I looked in, and then I saw your face."

The stern look remained, though he smiled.

"Not mine, quite," he said, "but a kinsman, who, I am afraid, was not quite all he should have been."

"Oh, I'm sure you are making a mistake!" I exclaimed impulsively. "No one with a face like that could be a bad man."

Remembering that the man before me was in every feature that face, I blushed hotly as I spoke, I flushed.

"What a splendid friend you would make!" he said, almost dreamily. "If my poor old ancestor had been a partizan of your determination his portrait might not have been banished to that little room."

"Then you—you——" I stammered.

"Yes, mine. This is not the first time I have been told that I resemble my great-grandfather whose Christian name of Francis I bear."

"Then you are Lord Martindale?"

"Yes," he said, smiling.

"Oh!" I exclaimed abruptly. "Then why do you live away from your lovely home? This"—I glanced over the orchard—"is beautiful, but——"

A look of bitterness and yearning swept over his face, and I paused, abashed at my hasty words.

"Sorry," he said, rather abruptly, "but my ancestor and I share fates as well as faces! He is banished to the room where I was saw him; I am banished to the uttermost ends of the earth. Some day, if you like, I will tell you why."

My brother arrived upon the scene at that moment, and, being Englishmen, the two immediately fraternized, and I saw no more friendliness. To me, however, it was like renewing acquaintance with an old friend. Sometimes I caught Martindale looking at me that the same fascination that the pictured face on the wall had exercised over me now when this man's eyes looked into mine. Yet it was not the fascination of fear—the impression and assure myself I was growing imaginative and forgetful of my own commonplace nature. But, in spite of all my efforts at resistance, I felt I was being mysteriously spellbound, as I had been in that little room at Martindale.

One day Lord Martindale and I were alone. We were sitting in the shade of the apricot orchards. He had been talking exhaustively of his own affairs, when suddenly he became silent.

"I promised to tell you the story of my tragedy," he said, after a pause. "My ancestor, whose partisan you are, seems curiously to have developed a fancy for you. Shall I proceed?"

"What do you mean? Tell me about him —and yourself!"

"A face is a grim story about us both." He laughed uneasily. "The story goes that he killed his wife, and——"

"I don't believe it," I exclaimed hastily, the color rushing into my cheeks as I remembered the strength and firmness of that face in the picture. "That man never harmed a woman, by word or deed!"

"Somehow I feel that your little criterion of character," he answered quietly.

"A face is a face. He never could have stamped all over it," I insisted. "I don't care what you say, I'll never believe that man ever murdered his wife! He could——more have done it than—than you could!"

I was looking down at him as I uttered these words, but when I met his gaze, his face became pallid, then flushed hotly.

"Perhaps you misjudge me, too!" he said. The bitterness in his tone struck me sorely.

"What nonsense!" I impetuously exclaimed. "Look at your own handsome lines of the strong mouth and the firm, pointed chin. My eyes met his eyes unpraised to mine. In them I read an appeal like that which looked at me from the eyes in the face in the picture.

"You don't know!" he said hurriedly. "It was himself, of all acquaintance, when years ago I was accused of poisoning my wife!"

"How could anybody be so wicked—so abominable?" I exclaimed.

"There is a legend at the time who would have agreed with you," he replied. "Mind, I was never tried for the crime. But an 'open verdict' was brought in at the inquest, and the county people promptly cut me."

"Here, then, was the reason why Martindale House remained inhabitable while its master wandered in foreign climes.

I could not speak. I could only look at him, my eyes dimmed with tears. His face had grown to look drawn and old; the appeal in his eyes was my only theme.

"I could prove nothing," he went on dreamily. "If there was not enough evidence against me to justify my arrest. My poor little wife—I had no wish to end her life.

Though he spoke bitterly, instinct told me he had not loved his wife.

"How did it happen?" I said.

"She was found dead in her bed one morning, an empty coffee-cup beside her. Having to rise early, I was sleeping in another part of the house. She was found to have been poisoned with opium, and the only person who could have given her any drugs was—myself. She always had coffee the last thing at night—there was nothing strange in that. The mystery about the whole thing was that the opium bottle had entirely disappeared. The case against me in the public mind was, I think, chiefly based upon the fact that my wife and I had had a difference of opinion—I can hardly call it a quarrel—about a cousin of her own of whom I disapproved. I thought he was too often at the house, and that their association might give rise to scandal. She was very young—and, I fear, not very wise. When I announced my objection to the cousin, she flew into a passion with me. Her voice was audible over most of the house when she grew angry, and the servants imagined we were engaged in a serious quarrel. The next morning my wife was dead! And although there was no evidence against me before the courts, I was looked upon as a murderer!"

"It is shameful!" I exclaimed angrily. "How could anybody look at you and think —and think you——"

I broke off abruptly, because his eyes glowed suddenly with a strange light that set my heart beating and brought color to my cheeks.

"That is why you say your story is like your ancestor's?" he said slowly, and somehow afraid of the look in his face, even thought it drew me with it.

"Yes, it is a curious coincidence that we should be so alike in looks and be accused, to a similar extent, of crime. I was banished on account of his supposed villainy; he is banished on account of my supposed crime. Looking at his face——"

Looking at it, I interjected, "you feel he is a good man. Why, it made me feel a better woman just to look at him!"

The hot color rushed again to my forehead, for it came forcibly before my mind that I had spoken of myself as I thought of the same face, and had produced upon me the same strange effect.

"And idealize people," he said slowly, after a pause.

I could not speak, remembering how the portrait had affected me immediately—what it had instilled into my mind of me.

"I think not," I replied, "only I usually know goodness when I see it." Before he could answer me to this I said rapidly: "I think you have done unwisely in leaving your home and estate. You would have been better to remain, face all suspicion and live it down."

He stared up at me.

"Live at Martindale, do you mean?" he asked.

"Yes, live there, face the county and all the people who imagine you guilty of crime! Some day the truth will be made known."

I have no idea what made me utter the last words. They were drawn from me involuntarily as I looked at him with such emphasis that my companion sprang to his feet.

"You are putting fresh heart into me!" he exclaimed. "I will go back and live again at Martindale—if you will come with me as my wife."

I—I——"

We had been living in the old house six months. After a figurative crossing of swords I became with the housekeeper, who went so far as to forgive me for moving the picture out of the tiny locked room and hanging it in a prominent place in the main parlor.

My first visit to the room alone I shall not soon forget. Lord Martindale had pointed out to him that his long absence must have increased the prejudice against him, and that I should bring a change.

Meanwhile, we were supremely happy. The modern portion of my husband's home—its secret chambers, odd passages, its winding stairs, not to mention the many apartments—I had not yet kept me fully occupied and interested.

One apartment was large and oak-paneled, with an enormous four-post bed and a general air of gloom. It had fallen to my lot to occupy it, especially as it was the scene of two reputed murders. One evening, as my husband showed me beautiful carving on the paneled wall beside the bed, when a tiny metal knob shining in a petal in one of the carved flowers arrested my attention.

I pressed it. With a faint grating sound the panel of which the flower was the centerpiece slid back, revealing a small shelf. With eager curiosity I felt along the shelf. There was a sound of rustling paper. I drew out—my love adored to my husband, then a little roll of parchment, and lastly a sealed envelope. All three were coated with dust, and the writing on the parchment was faded.

I hastened downstairs to my husband's study and laid the three articles on the table before him.

"Look what I have found!" I breathlessly exclaimed.

A startled expression came over his face when he saw the empty phial, and it increased as he read the writing on the envelope. He tore the latter open.

"My wife's writing!" he whispered.

As he read the contents his face blanched. "Poor girl!" he said, huskily. "Poor girl! Yet I did my best to make her happy!"

I know by this time that he had married his first wife out of pity, because she was poor, lonely, and miserable. He had never really loved her. He pushed the letter across to me. It was very brief and very sad. She told him that, instead of caring for him as she had pretended, she really loved her cousin, and that in her misery she intended to take opium and end her sorrow.

As I finished reading the pitiful confession I noticed that my husband's eyes were dimmed with tears.

"You were right, dear," he whispered: "the truth has come out at last. Poor girl! She must have known of that shelf, and put the empty phial and her note in there after drinking the coffee. What a pitiful tragedy!"

I could only kneel by his side and rest my head against his arm, feeling an overwhelming sensation of thankfulness that he had at length been cleared from a horrible suspicion.

After a few moments' silence he took up the little roll of parchment and untied it. With difficulty he mastered its contents. As he came to the end he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What an extraordinary coincidence!" he said. "Your name, Angela, is my pet name, sweetheart? Why, it means the clearing of the mist! It is a most ancient name, you know! It is a remarkable discovery. This is a letter from his wife to him, declaring that she had never loved him, and that, to get away at her life, she meant to put an end to it. What an odd way of expressing it!"

I hastened to the parlor to look at the face of that old Francis, Lord Martindale. The sunlight fell upon the picture. In the radiance it seemed as though a smile illumined the pure features. For the first time since I had entered the house it was once more gazed into mine.

"I wonder if you knew?" I have cleared you before the world today!" I exclaimed.

I seemed to see that the expression of appeal I had previously discerned in those eyes now died away, and that nothing but calm repose remained.

Was my fancy absurd? I do not know. I only know that my dear husband's eyes now wear the same look of peace, and that every day our happiness grows greater.

The one element of disappointment to me lies in the fact that the countenance of our son has regarded my every instead of bearing a resemblance, as I longed that it might, to his ancestor's beautiful picture face.

Handing Her Taffy.

The beautiful girl was in a pet.

"Now," she exclaimed, impetuously, "you see I can stamp my foot!"

But the young man only smiled. This made her furious.

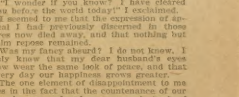
"There," she stamped, bringing her dainty heel down on the sidewalk, "I'll stamp it again!"

"Oh, you are too extravagant,"

"Extravagant!"

"Yes. Anything as small as your foot only requires one stamp."

And the man smiled and said he was clever enough to write jokes for a minstrel show.



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Unkind words are always the wrong kind.

Tie up and doing if you would not be down and done.

An old man is always boasting about his aches and pains.

A quiet wedding may be but the calm before the storm.

The better some people are the more violent the reaction.

Sometimes a genius fools people by wearing good clothes.

All men are animals—and some of them are car-boot hogs.

Some men imagine that a moral wrong is a commercial right.

It takes an umbrella dealer to see the silver lining of a cloud.

It is frequently easier to be sure you are right than it is to go ahead.

Some men go broke and some others haven't enough to go broke on.

A woman never forgives a man for forgiving her for not forgiving him.

In the home the great are sometimes small and the small are sometimes great.

Some men have such weak eyes they naturally couldn't tell the truth if they saw it.

A man never realizes how ignorant he really is until his children begin to give him advice.

Transgressors seldom realize the hardness of their way until they look at it from behind the bars.

A red-haired woman has as much right to call her hair golden as a fat woman has to call herself plump.

It is seldom difficult for a man to get rich after he has acquired the art of hypnotizing his conscience.

One seldom sees a woman on the street without a shopping bag. That ought to be sufficient warning to bachelors.

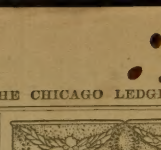
One good turn deserves another, but it doesn't follow. That's why the perpetual motion problem is still unsolved.

Unless a man keeps his best ear glued to the keyhole the chances are he will not hear opportunity knock at his door.

Brayton of Rhode Island is not the only blind boss who has been unable to see that the reform idea in politics is bound to win.

Heaven may be the fountain head of praise, but it will do no harm to let out an occasional cheer during your sojourn on earth.

European hotelkeepers hope that nothing will happen to interfere with American prosperity until after the tourist season is over.



TWO FACES UNDER ONE HAT.

By H. E. SCOTT.

Author of "The Pretty Typewriters," "The Girl from Nacoupin," etc.

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CHAPTER VI.

A CONSULTATION WITH SARAH.

When the door had closed behind Caleb Marsh, he advanced to the gate, then, wheeling about, shook his fist at the house.

"Damn you," he muttered, "but you have come back to thwart me! You have not done so yet—no, not until the last dollar is paid will I abandon the idea of making that girl my wife. You are not a partner in that backing firm yet, nor is it certain they will place their money on a Lundy County farm. Somebody is going to lose—illable land another. My wits against yours to prevent the payment of that money."

"I must consult with Sarah. Now that she had consented, she'll be hopping mad to see me thwarted. Thwarted? I am not thwarted yet. Abner, the old coot, really gave way to the girl's whim when Mark assured him that he would meet the mortgages. Oh, yes, I am your friend, Mark Perry! Just keep on thinking so."

Caleb Marsh felt that it would wed, and then believe in my protestations of friendship. I'll see to that. Good! Good! And that to disarm you. We can't tell what quarter the wind may veer from, what quarter the wind may veer from. Ah! that day ever came! Good Lord! Lord! Lord!

"Again, I say—Mark Perry, damn you." And you, Kate Ellis, with your sweet face —you may yet be sorry for the day you refused me. You may yet become the wife of the meanest man in Lundy County. And if that day ever comes, better for you had Mark Perry not returned."

Caleb, unfurling his whip, scrambled into his open buggy, gathered the reins, and with a last look at the house, from the lash of which the full length of the bay, and was off for home.

"Caleb Marsh," said his sister when he had entered the house, slamming the door behind him, "you have been out there long. It costs money to buy door hinges, and you ain't apt to wear them out that way. Good Lord! what's the matter with you?"

The silly girl has not refused you? No, that ain't it. Refused you? Why, she couldn't!"

"Couldn't she?" said Caleb, shortly. "Well, she has, and what's more, she has promised to become the wife of Mark Perry. I told you he had returned."

"Caleb, are you telling me the truth? Yes, I can see you are. Refused you! Then give up wealth for poverty, will cast aside the wealthiest man in the county for a pauper. Why don't her father use his authority? Foreclose those mortgages at once! That will bring her to her senses. If she sees her old father a county charge she'll change her tune—but you know what to do."

"Sarah, some one else has offered to pay the mortgages."

"No!"

"Yes, every dollar! Now guess who."

"I can't. There's no one in Lundy aside from you who has that much cash at command."

"That infernal boy has turned out well, Sarah. He called at my interest to-day night. Mark Perry has won the girl and will free the old man from my clutches."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Sarah. "What, that beardless boy has become a capitalist and will demand the money? Did you tell you the interest and will pay the principal? Didn't you take the money, Caleb, didn't you?"

"No, I told them I must have every dollar due. And I will have it or foreclose on the fifteenth of this month."

"Right! right! Every dollar, but—"

"They thought to pay the interest and get an extension of the mortgages. Mark is not rich."

"Why, then you are bound to win! I thought you said he would pay the principal."

"Listen! When he found that nothing but the money would satisfy me, he said that I should have it all before the fifteenth. He depends on his employers to take the mortgages up. You see, next year he expects to become a partner in the firm. They are wealthy packers, and he says will gladly accept the interest for the opportunity of loaning their money to advantage."

"Then your project to obtain a young and handsome wife is overturned. Let the lads go—the money is worth more."

"The money is safe enough where it is. I have no special need of that. I couldn't lay it to better advantage."

"Then why not let the mortgage run?"

"Because, Sarah, this firm may not be willing to invest in every mortgagor. How do I know? How do you know? The young man is in love, and love jumps at conclusions."

"Ah, I see! You have a long head, brother. Then you have not given up the girl?"

"Not I! When did you know me to give up anything my heart was set on while there was a straw to cling to? I'll make that girl your sister-in-law if it is in the line of possibilities."

"Well, I have given my consent, and since your heart is set on it, I hope you will—but it" the money is forthcoming—what then?"

"We have not reached that point yet, Sarah."

"True!"

"There is time enough when we do."

"The lads—you prefer that boy to you! Oh, I wish I had her to deal with. But still, there are thousands of women."

"Only one, Sarah, that I care to make Mrs. Caleb Marsh. I want her and I want Elwood. If I get her I will have both, for she will inherit the farm when the old man dies."

"The son may be alive!"

"Not he! I encouraged the old man to believe so; but I am fully satisfied that he is dead, else I might not be so anxious to wed the girl."

"Oh, I know that, but as you said the other night, it's best for you to marry. You should have told me that before what we must one day leave behind."

"Yes, and the child may well inherit Elwood, you."

"I would you fly in a rage when the girl refused you?"

"Not I, Sarah. When Abner informed me that the mortgages through which that his daughter would become the wife of Mark; that would arrange for the payment of the mortgages. No matter what filled my heart, I wished them joy and blessings."

"Shrewd brother! Very shrewd!"

"Sarah, what looking ahead! There is no telling what may transpire, and unlooked events often be helped to serve my end. I would have no friction, no useless prejudice to overcome. There is too much at stake."

"Yes, you are getting old, and the girl is young. Nothing like looking ahead for the alternative, anyway."

"Only the untimely arrival of that cussed boy Ike had the girl and Elwood, too. The releasing of the mortgages would have amounted to nothing if my wife inherited Elwood."

"I understand that, Brother Caleb, but the knot must be tied before you release the mortgages."

"Sarah, you are a faithful soul, but you are as thick as a board. I will leave no stone untured to make Kate my wife."

"You will succeed, I believe," declared his sister, as she passed from the room.

Caleb Marsh and his sister sat seated to his sister that half his vast wealth was hers to dispose of as she wished, exactly what disposition she would make of it. Merely say: "Do with it as you think best, Caleb." He had often impressed on his sister's mind the fact that they were jointly wealthy, but he had taken good care that in their dealings with others it was in his name.

"It's better that way, Sarah," he had said. "I am a man, and it will give me prestige in the business world."

"Yes," Sarah had said, "and as you are the youngest you will probably outlive me. It will save the expense of getting out administration papers and feeing lawyers."

Reasoned in the same way the generous brother had stated, "you will inherit all, anyway. There are no other relatives."

Caleb had always loved his sister for her ready compliance with all his views; but it is safe to state that when he made the assertion: "Next to my money, and you," in speaking of his love for Kate Ellis, that he could not have reversed it; but Caleb Marsh was a politic individual in so far as words go, and he has been seen, and in the efficacy of at least one scriptural phrase he thoroughly believed. That one was: "A soft answer turneth away wrath," and Caleb seldom so far forgot himself in any of his controversies with his debtors as not to return one.

"Words are cheap, but it takes money to buy land," was one of his sayings when communing with himself.

"That boy alone stands in the way of the fulfillment of my wishes," he muttered, after his sister had retired from the room. "and I can only wait developments. I might—never mind what I might do. I must wait."

For perhaps an hour longer Caleb sat pondering the matter over and then retired to dream, presumably of his brother, his sister, Kate Ellis and the lad who stood in his way.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TENTH OF SEPTEMBER.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the tenth Mark Perry was enroute for Chicago, and he had doubted but that he would be able to induce the members of his firm to take up the mortgages that hung over the farm.

"They have quantities of idle money," he thought, "and it will be a good investment. Horton and Ellis are able to carry a hundred such mortgages. They will surely carry these until I am prepared to release them. Indeed, if they are not naturally inclined that way, I can assure them of the circumstances and that the daughter of the master of Elwood will become my wife. I think I can persuade them."

"How fortunate that I deferred my trip for two days. Would have been the fate of the girl I love? Strange about Kate's grandfather! I must try and bring about a reconciliation between her father and him. He could but love Kate. I will not go to him with the story of her trouble, but when I have made the dear girl my wife and have a large claim, and it is strange.

"Arthur—Oh, I can not believe him dead; but it is very strange that he would let all these months go by without writing. Perhaps he has not turned out badly. Well, every revolution of the wheels behind me brings me nearer to those on whom my reliance is placed. It will not be long, Alma Marsh, before your grudge will have relaxed from Elwood. Oh, how happy Kate will be when that is accomplished.

"The idea of that money bags daring to use his sister as a tool to prevent me from making Kate my wife! I'll make short work of him. Marry me or I will turn your old home out on the highway. Ha! ha! ha! My appearance slightly disconcerted his plans, and now he professes friendship. Friendship! I'll show him what he must have money. He shall have it! He would have taken me as a mere beggar, perhaps professing to believe, too, that Arthur was alive and will yet return. I think I must watch you, Caleb Marsh, while he is abroad? Those that I love will soon be beyond danger of harm from you."

Thus Mask sat ruminating as the train on which he was a passenger was speeding over the prairie on its way to Chicago.

Kate, at home, was doing her accustomed duties, but the heaviest of a lighter heart than she had had for many a day. The love between the dimpled maid and that in which her father was seated stood open, and the old farmer seated there bore on his countenance a much more pleasant look than when we met him first. Indeed, as he daughter went humming a merry tune from place to place, his lips actually parted in a smile, and he called out:

"Kate, dear, come here."

"Surely, dear father! Do you wonder?"

"No, child, I do not. I want to see you so. The boy turned out all right, and you will be his wife; that is if he don't fail."

"Fail, papa? Oh, Mark will not fail. But if he should, I will be his wife and help him as Mark's wife all my days than be wedded to an abandoned wretch as I was."

"But Elwood, daughter! Elwood!"

"Oh, father, father! With you it is always 'Elwood!' Elwood is dearer to you than your daughter's happiness."

"No, you will not, child," said the old man quickly, "and you shouldn't say that I dote on Elwood more than I do on your happiness. No, you shouldn't say that. I love you both, girl, both, and I am very happy that you have seen sense enough to escape from that old shark. Wasn't he surprised when he found that he had lost the power to dictate terms?"

"I think he was, papa! There, I am through now." I must run out and feed the chickens, if there is nothing you wish."

"Nothing more, child. God bless you! But don't think, dear, that your old father does more on Elwood than he does on his daughter. What should I do without you, Kate?"

Tears were now tracing their way down

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the old man's cheeks, and Kate hastily ran to his side and, throwing her arms about his neck, kissed his wrinkled face. "Forgive me, papa! I know you love us both, and you shall lose neither of us."

A moment more," and with a basin of scraps from the table she was making her way to the poultry house where she was soon surrounded by her feathery tribe.

After feeding them she walked down to the gate and stood gazing in the direction of Coulton when she heard the rattle of buggy wheels. She turned quickly, and her face flushed as she saw Bob Marsh driving down the hill.

Had she perceived him earlier she would have retired to the house, but now he was so near that he could but see that she was purposely avoiding him, so she remained at her post.

He approached her manner he raised his hat from his head as he halted his horse before her. Marsh thought his hat to a girl who had declined the honor of becoming his wife!

"Morning, Miss Kate!" he exclaimed.

"Good morning, sir."

"How's your father this morning? No need to ask how you are. Your looks tell that you are as bright as a dollar."

"Father is very well, sir."

"Glad to hear it! Glad to hear it! I s'pose Mark left for Chicago this morning?"

"Yes, sir. He has gone to arrange for the taking up of your mortgages."

"I should be glad," he said, "and no doubt he'll succeed. I hope he's worthy of you, Miss Kate; but I don't know anything about him. I trust his character is all right, and that he will make you happy."

"I trust no doubt of it," she replied quickly.

"Glad to hear it; but you can't tell much about these young city chaps now days. Mark 'pears to be all right. Loves you, too; there's no doubt about that. Oh, you needn't blush. I don't see how he could well help it. I ain't blaming him either. How can I, when you are the only woman I ever loved in my life enough to ask to become one of us, as old as I am."

Kate's face became redder yet, and she turned her face in the direction of the house.

"I don't say it to worry you, or with a hope to win 'you now," continued Caleb, "and I hope you'll be happy; yes, and Mark, too, if he's worthy of you. You mustn't think hard of me for wanting my money. Business is business, you know."

"But if I had promised to become your wife," replied Kate, "you would not have received your money."

"I would have received what I valued more than money, Miss Kate," said Caleb. "Gladly would I have sacrificed it—and more, much more; but there is no man—no, not one alive, that would release mortgages such as I hold on Elwood, unless he was a family relative, which it would become were you my wife—for one dime less than the value. I would not be a man I hated to see your father go down. You can get along without me."

"I love you still, but I lapse right back into a business man—demanding what's due me, after all, that's human nature, I take it. Good morning, Miss Kate!"

"Good morning, Mr. Marsh!"

"Of all the incomprehensible beings on earth, commend a woman," he said as he made his way to the house, "Caleb Marsh is certainly the most so."

"Lucky I found her there," muttered Caleb, as he drove onward; "now she is entirely unprotected. After that stroke, she can't believe but that I have abandoned all hope of ever calling her mine. But I have not shed my grip yet. Before that Chicago firm will lay that sum on Elwood one of the quietness is to run down here and look the place over.

"They can't get it trust it entirely to Mark. I shall find out about that when the boy returns, and until that time I can do nothing save report a bad town that the place is so run down that I don't consider my money could be safe left longer on it. If one of the partners comes down he is apt to ask questions. Well, time will tell who comes next ahead."

Thus Caleb continued planning as he proceeded on his way to the direction of Coulton.

Meanwhile, Kate, when she re-entered the house, had concluded to say nothing to her father of having encountered Mr. Marsh at the gate. It so chanced that during her absence the old gentleman had arisen from his couch and approached the window. Of course, he had observed both his daughter and Caleb. The consequence was that she found him at the room before he was asked her what Marsh had to say.

Kate repeated very nearly the conversation that had taken place, and added: "I could not well have avoided him, father, as I stood there gazing in the direction of Coulton, and the first thing I knew he was right at my side."

"Humph!" ejaculated the old man, "there is no occasion for you to avoid him; and I was only surprised at his stopping. I should have supposed that he would have avoided you."

"He seems disposed to be friendly now that he knows of his money, and he begs that we will not think hard of him."

"Wants to live on good terms with us, does he? Shows his good sense, girl. What ever may be said of Caleb Marsh he is not a fool. I don't know as we should blame him so much for demanding his money when it's due. He may see where he can use it to better advantage."

"I only pray, father, that once freed from him, you will never allow him to get you in his power again."

"Little danger, Kate! Little danger! Elwood shall never go under mortgage again. I ask nothing now but the return of Arthur."

"Oh, I feel sure, papa, that he will walk in on us some day! I only hope that he may arrive in time to, to——"

"Ah, yes, to be present at your wedding! God grant it, my child, but we can only wait and hope."

"Wait and hope!" echoed Kate, as he passed from the farmer's presence.

CHAPTER VIII.
KATE ELLIS OR NONE.

It so chanced that Caleb Marsh again made his appearance in the town of Coulton on the eleventh of the month. He was also there on the twelfth, and on each occasion he remained in the vicinity of the depot until the five o'clock train from Chicago had passed.

He, somehow, had a desire to ascertain immediately on the arrival of Mark what the outcome of his trip to Chicago had been.

"Not very smooth sailing, I reckon," he remarked, as he walked homeward on the evening of the latter day. "The boy don't look it; such on effort to clear away off my claims has acted as a tonic."

"It's given him a new lease life! I'm planning the changes I shall make next year."

"Better wait 'til my claims are paid, Abner; but I guess there's no doubt."

"Doubt?" echoed the farmer. "Not a mite! Kate received a letter from Mark this morning. Everything's coming all right out. The boy will be in Coulton on the five o'clock train this evening. He says everything is all right, and that he will be on hand to meet him."

"Well, I'm mighty glad, Abner, mighty glad; but 'taint worth while for Miss Kate to take that long walk. I'll have some one hold me in Coulton 'til the five o'clock arrives, and I will bring Mark right along with me. Good-by, Abner. You've a load feeling in this matter. All I want is my money."

"You are acting whiter than I supposed you would, Caleb, and it gives me much relief to," and you have my best boy along. I would rather Kate staid home, anyway; it's lonesome here without her."

"I 'spose so," observed Caleb. "What are you going to do with your mortgage?"

"I have not got that far yet, neighbor; that will come later. The first thing is the security of the money."

"Well, that's assured now. Good-by. I'll see you in Coulton."

Sure enough, at five o'clock Mark left the train when the five saw the little girl there, and though he had hoped that Kate would not take the long walk, yet he glanced eagerly around in expectation of meeting of his betrothed—but as he was stepping from the depot platform he encountered Caleb.

"Good evening, Mark, good evening! Abner told me you were coming, and thought when I passed there on my way to town. I offered to give you a ride back. I guess Kate would rather meet you after dark. You look happy. I guess you have success."

"Good evening, Mr. Marsh! I am very much obliged to you for the offer you presented from taking the long walk. Yes, all is arranged. I shall have a mortgage to turn to my employers when I call. I will be here tomorrow night with the money to clear Elwood, and I trust you'll had no trouble."

"Give me your hand, boy!" exclaimed Caleb, with such an assumption of friendship that Mark, in grasping the one he extended, felt that Marsh really was glad he had been successful.

"Now for business, boy, all business! It does me good to find a young man of integrity and worth these days. You have 'em, I think, in the west. I can't wait for money. I need it to carry out plans I have in the future."

"You are entitled to it," said Mark.

"We'll come right this way. I left my horse and buggy there under Blossom's shed."

The two men left the depot side by side, and ten minutes later entered a long shed that extended from the depot platform to the house of Blossom Brothers—a shed, by the way, built for the accommodation of farmers and others who were obliged at all times to hitch their teams.

They entered the shed at the shed next the street, passed two or three teams standing there, and approached Caleb's own conveyance. "Here we are," as he advanced to the rack for the purpose of untying his horse.

"What will Bally bring, Mark, a check or the money?" he asked.

"Money, I think; I advised him to; though ten thousand dollars in bank notes is a large sum for a man to be carrying about in his pockets."

"Well, it will be so for long. I suppose you will meet him here, and take him direct to Elwood?"

"Yes, I expect to, and if you will come down at eleven o'clock I will meet you at the court-house and transfer the money."

"Good; but a walk of three miles is most too much for a Chicago capitalist, sh't it?"

"Oh, Bally walks more than that each day for his health. He believes in walking as exercise."

"Well, look out now. I will back the buggy—I have the knot untied."

"Very good," and in five minutes more, side by side, the rejected and the accepted suitors were speeding away in the direction of Elwood.

Arrived there, Mark returned thanks for the ride and Caleb rode on home, almost of the impression that there was no longer a chance to make Kate his wife.

"Perhaps I had better have extended the mortgage," he thought. "The money is well invested. Well, the time will soon be here. I will drive in tomorrow after dinner and ascertain whether the farmer has set afloat about the worthless condition of the farm in the records. Of course, his eyes will tell him that the buildings and fences are going to wreck, and then if he hears that the land will not grow a decent crop he may back down. I won't leave a stone unturned."

"Why, then the girl is lost to you! Give her up. You have cash, and there's a host of girls fish in the sea as were ever caught out of it."

"There is no other fish that suits me, Sarah."

"I have always heard say that the older a man got the more difficult he found it to find a female to his liking. I reckon it's so."

"It may be, Sarah, but one thing certain, there's not a man living can hear my name, aside from Kate Ellis."

"Well, you'll get her, I s'pose, clear."

"Then you and I will be the last to beat it, Sarah."

"I don't like that idea, Caleb. It's your duty to marry."

"Don't I want to marry?"

"Yes; but some other woman. There are plenty of 'em, Caleb. What's come of that Andrew Drew's daughter. You might get her."

"What, marry that tallow face? Why, hey father's farm is mortgaged, too, and the last one I'd take with the mortgage on it. If I had, her hand wouldn't pay the mortgage."

"Well, Lamphire's daughter Ellen?"

"It's no use, Sarah, no use—Kate Ellis or none for me."

"Then it's none, I judge!"

"There's no other way. I never abandon that until the last card is play. Well!"

Mrs. Ellwood, she set the last double at rest in the mind of the farmer. Indeed, there had been no doubt on his part; but the fact was that Caleb had left the house with the intelligence that Mr. Bally would be there by noon with the money, and that was to liberate him from Caleb.

He shall draw up a mortgage to the firm tomorrow," he had said, though he could get rid of Caleb, the same amount hanged over his head, and the mortgage was ready to meet it. You will be in no danger of losing your home."

"Bless you, Mark! Bless you!" exclaimed the old man. "I feel twenty years younger this minute."

"And I, dear Mark," said Kate, clasping his hand, "feel as though a load of—"

"That you remain so through life, dear love, is my ardent desire. Caleb Marsh is acting so white in the latter part of this transaction that I think we had best forward him the money. Invite him to be present at our wedding."

"Approve of it," observed the farmer. "After all, he has but followed the course that he has suffered to forget the past. But when is the important event to transpire, and what am I going to do without my right hand?"

"I have a plan," observed Mark; "but the time will be fixed by Kate and her marriage. And, Kate, dear——"

"Yes, Mark," said the farmer, "until the hold of Marsh is broken, then you and Kate fix on a date to suit yourselves. I shall consent to anything."

"The date shall not be long distant, shall it, love?" said Mark, as one arm crept around his sweetheart's waist.

"Not unless you would have it so, Mark," was the reply, as the curly head sank upon his shoulder.

"Before the snow flies, love, may I call you my wife?"

"Before the snow flies, Mark, I will be your loving wife."

CHAPTER IX.
CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

At two o'clock on the fourteenth Caleb Marsh was seated in a buggy about half way between his home and Elwood he overtook on the road the gentleman whom he knew he had been out summoning witnesses in a civil case. Now Caleb never left his home except on a favor to his class of people—particularly one that cost no money—and the gentleman knew it, and his horse and exclaimed:

"A good ride to Elwood than a poor walk, Ben Lowery. Jump in."

The officer quickly complied, and they sped on.

As they passed Elwood, Caleb cast his eyes in the direction of the farm, but saw no one stirring.

"Mark has gone on ahead of me," he thought.

About half-way between Elwood and Coulton, a creek, known as Sandy Run, crossed the road. There was a considerable descent to the bridge which spanned it. In other words, on either side of the creek there was almost a hill. A footway had been cut in the banks passed through the stream itself. A heavy growth of timber lined the banks of the creek and extended back on either side for perhaps a quarter.

When Caleb had reached that point in the road where the tall trees loomed up on either side of his buggy and the descent to the creek was before him, he caught a glimpse of the form of Mark Perry just disappearing over the hill on the opposite side.

"Ah," he thought, "I shall reach Coulton before him. I must cause those rumors to reach Bally's ears."

"When the horse entered the creek he halted and evinced a disposition to drink.

"Hold on, I will uncheck him," said the constable, and by placing one foot on one of the shafts of the buggy he reached forward and unchecked the animal.

Suddenly, and while the horse was drinking, there reached the ears of the two men seated in the buggy the cry of, "Help! Help!"

"What is this?" exclaimed Caleb, as he struck his horse a blow with the whip. "There is trouble ahead."

The animal sprang at the revolver, as the horse sped up the hill.

But a few short time elapsed before they reached the summit.

"I can see no one," observed the constable, "on either side."

"To the left! To the left!" said Caleb quickly, "there ahead by the roadside I saw a form stoop, but now."

Cleaver leaped from the buggy, and with cocked weapon, ran forward. Caleb urged his horse in the same direction.

The next instant the latter form straightened up.

"Help! My God, dead!" and the white form of Perry was turned to Caleb and the constable as he held aloft a dirk knife, while he was yet drinking with the life blood of a murdered man.

"Help Bally! Oh, gentlemen, there has been murder done! My dear old friend murdered here in cold blood!"

An exultant gleam flashed from the gray eyes of Caleb Marsh as he cried: "You, Perry! You have been murdered and caught red-handed in the act! You assume horror well, sir! You and you must have been gone. Who would have believed it?"

"Oh, Caleb Marsh, Cleaver!" shouted Cleaver, leveling his revolver, "Surrender that dirk! Offer to escape, and I shoot you on the spot!"

"Great Heavens! You can not think——" began Bally. Oh, gentlemen, there has been murder done! My dear old friend murdered here in cold blood!"

"Then it was that we heard the cry," observed the officer.

"Certainly! Then not satisfied, he drove the bloody dirk home to his heart. Horrible! Horrible! A dying man! In appearances again."

"But, gentlemen, it was I who uttered that cry! This man was my dearest friend on earth!"

"I can you treated him as a friend," said the constable. "As for the voice we heard—I am satisfied of that. Cleaver, this man was not yours. What we heard was the last cry of a man in agony. Help! Help!"

"Cleaver, you are more observing than I thought," said Caleb. "You are a keen officer. You will be shrewd in the capacity arrest of a cold-blooded murderer will observe the dirk knife."

"Caleb Marsh," cried Mark, "do you—can you believe I have done this thing? O, God help me! But why do we all stand here? The murderer can not be far away! Search the bushes. There are the feet prints; this way the assassin entered the ravine."

"Halt! Halt, or I fire!" shouted the constable. "You are the murderer, sir, or they were made by some passerby."

"You know the last Cleaver!"

"I do, Caleb Marsh. He is the boy Abner Ellis educated. Kate Ellis has had a narrow escape, I judge, from what you have stated."

"Fool! Poor girl!" groaned Caleb.

"You say this man was to take up your mortgages, Mr. Marsh, that he had ten thousand dollars in his possession with which to do so?"

"Such a sum man informed me yesterday. He told me he would arrive in Coulton on the five o'clock train this evening, that he should meet him there and accompany him to Elwood; that tomorrow morning the transfer would be made. Gentlemen, you are gazing at his dead body, and it yet lacks an hour and a half of train time."

"He must have reached Coulton on the eleven o'clock train, Cleaver. Such is my opinion."

"Then the

DR. TALKS OF FOOD

Pres. of Board of Health.

"What shall I eat?" is the daily inquiry the physician is met with. I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment, a large percentage of disease is caused by poorly selected and improperly prepared food. My personal experience with the fully-cooked food, known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to speak freely of its merits.

"From overwork, I suffered several years with malnutrition, palpitation of the heart and loss of sleep. Last summer I was led to experiment personally with the new food, which I used in conjunction with good rich cow's milk. In a short time after I commenced its use, the disagreeable symptoms disappeared, my heart's action became steady and normal, the functions of the stomach were properly carried out and I again slept as soundly and as well as in my youth.

"I look upon Grape-Nuts as a perfect food, and no one can gainsay but that it has a most prominent place in a rational, scientific system of feeding. Any one who uses this food will soon be convinced of the soundness of the principle upon which it is manufactured and may thereby know the facts as to its true worth." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Strictly Business.

Western Land Agent—I wish to withdraw my big advertisements of city lots for sale in Riverside Addition.

Newspaper Editor—Eh? What's the matter? Don't you consider my paper a good advertising medium?

Western Land Agent—Oh, yes, the paper is all right; but I don't care to attract attention to those lots for a while now. We are nearing the season of the year when that land is generally under water.

Drawing the Line.

The Judge—The jury has found you guilty of forgery. Have you anything to say before I pronounce sentence?

The Prisoner—Yes, your honor. The jury says I am a forger, but please don't work off any old puns about sending me to the pen.

Gadabout—Stammering has its advantages, you know, old chap.
Kontent—How so?
Gadabout—Why, a fellow who stutters doesn't need more than two or three ideas to keep him going all the evening.

A Dainty Little Maid.

Every one ought to have her. She is dressed in pretty colors and changes the color of her skirt herself when it is going to rain. She indicates when it is wise to take an umbrella or when one can do without. She is the simplest and best of barometers. She is an ornament, a good seller for agents, a pretty gift, a good business souvenir and useful to any one. She or one of her sisters comes postpaid with full directions for only 10 cents. W. P. Randolph & Co., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Reminded.

Wedderly—Those two women over there in the act of saying "good-by" to each other remind me of one of Shakespeare's plays.

Singleton—Which one?

Wedderly—"Much Adieu About Nothing."

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and fruitfulness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Proof Positive.

Crowells—That man at the bar is a perfect gentleman.

Howells—How do you know?

Crowells—When we were introduced the other day, and I began to tell him my troubles, he didn't butt in and try to tell me his.

A Very Good Boy.

An old gentleman, strongly opposed to tobacco-smoking and late hours, was introduced to a lady recently. His pet aversions formed the subject of this brief conversation:

"Have you any children, madam?"

"Yes, sir; a son."

"Ah, indeed! Does he smoke?"

"No, sir; he has never even touched a cigarette."

"So much the better, madam; the use of tobacco is a poisonous habit. Does he frequent any club?"

"He has never been to one in his life."

"Allow me to congratulate you. From any other cause does he keep late hours?"

"Never. He goes to bed directly after dinner."

"A model young man, madam—a model young man! How old is he?"

"Two months."

Happened in Boston.

"See here, waiter, there's no meat in this sandwich!" exclaimed the lunch counter patron.

"Then why do you designate it as a sandwich, sir?" queried the waiman behind the white apron. "I am surprised that a gentleman of your erudition should commit such a solecism of rhetoric, sir."

Checky.

Maud—Did you kiss Dolly when you left her last night?

Dick—Certainly not. Why do you ask?

Maud—Oh, nothing. Only she was speaking of you today, and she said she liked your cheek.

Wealth Wins Women.

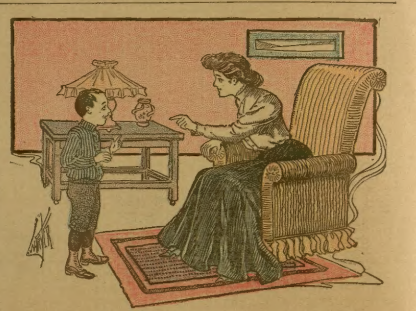
She—How many men owe their success in life to their wives?

He—And how many more men owe their wives to their success in life?

Ready for the Plunge.

Tom—Do you think women are braver than men?

Dick—Yes, I do! I never saw one yet that wouldn't take a chance at marriage.



Mother—I told you I'd spank you if you ever stuck your tongue out again.
Willie—I was just airing it, mother.

Information Wanted.

Stranger—Beg pardon, sir, but you have it in your power to do me a great favor, and one that I will gladly repay.

Bankrupt (sadly)—If I am afraid you have made a mistake. I am of no use to anybody. I have just failed for half a million, with no assets.

Stranger—So I heard.

Bankrupt—You knew it, and yet you say I can be of service to you?

Stranger—Yes, sir, I beg you will not refuse.

Bankrupt—But what can a miserable bankrupt like me do for any one?

Stranger—I want you to tell me, sir, how you got so much credit. I am from Chicago.

A Sympathetic Employer.

Old Gent—And so that is your employer going to the funeral of one of his clerks?

Young Clerk—Not a clerk, but a distant relative of one of the clerks.

Old Gent—My! my! I'm sure that is very thoughtful.

Young Clerk—Yes, most too thoughtful. Whenever any of us loses a relative and tells him about it, he always goes to the funeral, cousarn him!

Old Gent—Eh? And do you object to such kindness of heart?

Young Clerk—Then't kindness of heart, sir. He goes to make sure that the funeral isn't an excuse for a day off.

A Sign of Prosperity.

Rollingstone Nomoss—Dis here country is gittin' dam prosperous.

Tatterdon Torn—Dat's right. I was obliged ter refuse six jobs yistiddy.

Carried Off a Prize.

"That's an old-fashioned looking automobile you have."

"Is it? Anyhow, it carried off a prize the other day."

"You don't mean to say you had it at a show?"

"No. Myrtilla eloped in it with me."

Sambo—Whar you get dat chicken?
Mark Antony—Nebber you mind 'bout dat chicken. 'Tain't youahs.
Sambo—How you know 'tain't?
Mark Antony—'Cause I found hit in youah coop.

Real Thriller.

Gunner (entering circus)—What in the deuce is all that din? Are we in the animal tent?

Guyer—No, we are about to see the great thriller for 1907.

Gunner—Excited! Is it the leaping automobile or the falling airship?

Guyer—Neither! They are tame in comparison. Over in that big white pit which is constructed to represent a courtroom you will soon see seventeen wild and untamed insanity experts wrangling with each other over a "brain storm."

The Too Hervers.

Here is some good verse about the two Hervers (one made mance, the other wrote "Meditation on Tombs"):

Two Hervers had a fervent wish
To shine in different stations,
The first invented sauce for fish,
The second Meditation.
One to good living was allied,
T'other to holy dying;
This relishes a sole when fried
That saves a soul from frying.

One Favor Asked.

Poor Author—And is this all I am to have from the sale of my book?

Wealthy Publisher—That is the regular percentage, sir. What more do you want?

Poor Author—Um—well, I'd like the loan of your turnout and coachman for an hour or so?

Wealthy Publisher—H'm! Where do you want to be taken?

Poor Author—To the poorhouse.

In Olden Days.

"Zounds and blazes!" blurted the old squire, hopping around on one foot. "Didn't you know that I am suffering with gout in this limb? And you strike it with an arrow? Why, boy, did you think my foot was a rabbit?"

"Well, sir," faltered the frightened youngster, "I—I did hear you say it was game."

Twenty years later the same boy had reached mannood and was writing jokes for the minstrel shows.

SO IMPATIENT.

Rube—I'm afeard Josh 'll never make a good fisherman. He ain't ca'm enough.
John—Nope. Ef he don't get a bite in five or six hours he gits discouraged an' wants ter go home.

JOLLITY

Fool Editors.

Mrs. Grubber—Well, well! What fools these editors be!

Mr. Grubber—Eh?

Mrs. Grubber—Here, I writ a letter to the editor of the Punkinville Trumpet, askin' what would be a proper an' inexpensive thing to gif fer a weddin' present; an' here in the paper he's printed a list of about a hundred things what folks give as weddin' presents, an' there ain't one of 'em costs less than a dollar.

First Bird—What about that watch you stole?

Second Bird—Well, the lawyer got the case and I got the works.

What the Mountains Bring Forth.

They've haled the beef trust into court,
But the price remains the same;
Forbode the flour trust to extort,
But the price remains the same.
They've roundly dressed the oil trust down,
And done the lumber trust up brown,
But still in country and in town
The price remains the same.

Insurance folks have been raked o'er,
But the price remains the same;
Been told to sin and sin no more,
But the price remains the same.
They gave the milk trust stern advice,
Likewise the trust that sells the ice.
But how about the selling price?
Oh, that remains the same.

Mr. Smith—Rastus, how did you get all those spots on your forehead?

Rastus Jackson—Mah wife done dat wif a poker.

Mr. Smith—You're in style. "Poker" dots are the latest fashion.

Not Pride, but Caution.

Sweet Girl—Mother, Mr. Nicefellow is coming to take me out riding this afternoon. I may go, mayn't I?

Mother—If he drives up with a span of spirited horses, you may go; but if he comes with that broken-down old nag he had last time, you sha'n't.

Sweet Girl—Why, mother, I didn't suppose you would ever have such foolish pride.

Mother—My dear, a young man who comes with a pair of spirited horses expects to drive with both hands.

Thoroughly Experienced.

"Maud, that little boy next door swears dreadfully. I hope you don't play with him."

"No, mother; not now. He's taught me all he knew."

Kindly Advice.

Farmer Hayseed (to Greatest Living Skeleton at Dime Museum)—Hello! Who be you? You ain't working here, air you?

Living Skeleton (with dignity)—I am engaged here.

Farmer Hayseed—Waal, do tell! Say, my friend, you ain't lookin' well, and ef I was you I'd change by boarding place.

Making It Worse.

Wife—I'm sorry I scolded you this morning, dear. It has affected my peace of mind all day.

Husband—Oh, then you have made the discovery at last, have you?

Wife—What discovery?

Husband—That you have only a piece of mind.

The Lawyer—What's that?

The Pickaninny—I sez I wants to bring suit agin' Johnnie Jones foh criminal libel —he's done said I wux a nigger.

A Difficult Thing to Do.

The schoolgirl with the large feet was sitting with them stretched far out into the aisle, and was busily chewing gum, when the teacher espied her.

"Mary!" called the teacher sharply.

"Yes, ma'am?" questioned the pupil.

"Take that gum out of your mouth, and put your feet in!" was the command, somewhat difficult to be strictly obeyed.

Giving the Devil His Due.

An editor at Kalamazoo, Mich., opens his office each morning with prayer. This is the proper spirit, but in most places newspaper offices are opened by the devil.

Getting Hunk With Her.

Miss Skremer—Papa says if I give up my singing lessons he'll give me a pair of diamond earrings.

Miss Sharpe—You've never worn earrings, have you?

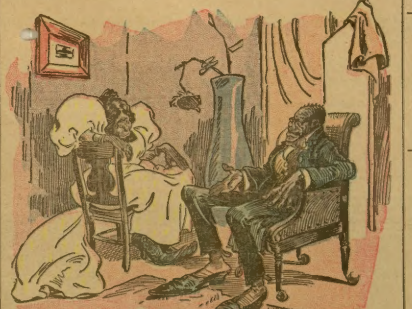
Miss Skremer—No. I'll have to have my ears pierced.

Miss Sharpe—Oh, I see his idea. He wants to pay you back in your own coin.

Exact Analysis.

Askitt—Why do you consider that goat an impressive looking animal?

Newitt—Because he has such a striking forehead.



Miss Snoflaike—Did yo' see any grus wif big feet wile in Chicago, Mistah Jackson?

Mr. Jackson—No, Miss Snoflaike; dat's all nonsense 'bout dat. Everyt'ing else am big, but dese feet ain' no bigger den yuanha or mine.

It's Often Done.

"What is a paradox, pa?"

"Being in good spirits on poor liquor."

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Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

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YOU CAN DO BUSINESS, if you have a rig, with us. Introduce our Poultry Specific. Every farmer is interested. B. B. FISHER CO., Peru, Ind.

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WANTED YOUNG MEN LEARN THE PHOTO ENGRAVING BUSINESS. Fascinating, lucrative. Some positions pay positions guaranteed. Write Illustrating Inst., Dept. A, Indianapolis, Ind.

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AGENTS $100 A MONTH SALES MANAGER selling our "CRICHTON" RAZOR STROPPER. "LITTLE GIANT" SAFETY RAZOR POCKET KNIFE. Name and address on one cent postal and learn how we start you. Send 2 dollar bill for the knives. Write TODAY for Agents' terms. KNIFE BLADE CO., 1 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

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in every locality throughout the United States to advertise our goods, tacking up showcards on conspicuous places; also distributing small advertising matter; commission or salary $25 per month and expenses $4 per day. Steady employment; no experience necessary. Write for particulars. Address W. H. E. WARNER MEDICINE CO., London, Canada

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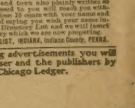
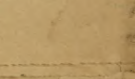


An entertaining and useful article. Can be used as any ordinary pocket book. Everybody will be interested. AGENTS WANTED. W. C. WATKINS & CO., Box 1505, Pittsburg, Pa.

LOTS of MAIL



Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? If so, read this advertisement very carefully. You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and jobbers want the names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to all who are interested in their goods, so that they can send you orders by mail. We publish an Agents' Directory List containing these names, and arrange them in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to anyone who sends us ten cents for good names to send advertising matter to. The cost of arranging these names in alphabetical order and taking care of them is considerable yet we only ask 10 cents in order to get them into active use. We do not want to waste the postage stamps, however, so be sure to give your correct number and write plainly written or type your mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. Simply enclose 10 cents with your name and address as above stated saying you wish your name inserted in our Agent's Directory List and we will insert it in the next Directory which we are now preparing.

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When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

THE MYSTERIOUS GOVERNESS.

By ADRIENNE ROUCOLLE.

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Begun in No. 19, May 11. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.
THE INVITATION.

That very night Adriana wrote a long letter to Madame de Bois-Fleury and when this was sealed she was greatly hal'-afraid as her weary head dropped on her hands:

"Marguerite will do as I ask her; her own happy married life will make her the more willing to act as an invisible matchmaker between Agnes and this young girl, whom she will take on trust, since she will not be allowed even to see her, until at least the time comes for me to depart, for if Jacques marries Isabelle I will have to begin my wanderings anew; my secret would no longer be safe. It may be that the presence of Madame Boursier and her daughter at the castle de Longville will force Marguerite to abandon a promised visit, but she is still a bride and the presence of her husband is all she craves."

For a long time thus the governess remained lost in thought, then, rising, she went to bed, but not to sleep, since all night long the large dark eyes remained wide open, fixed after on the distant treetops visible from the open window.

The following week Madame Boursier, on looking over her monthly bill, found a sheet of pressed surprise as she saw a dainty envelope, the seal of which bore a viscount's coronet.

She hastened to open it and a flush of pleasure spread her face as she read the courteous invitation which Madame de Longville extended to Madame Boursier and her daughter Isabelle. As an excuse for this unusual invitation, Madame de Longville said that her son, Monsieur Jacques de Charmeuse had announced his intention to spend three weeks with her in company with his friend Monsieur Neuve Boursier, who had made a bold as to hope the young man's parents and his charming sister would also honor them with their presence. On reading this note, Madame Boursier turned to her husband with such a look of satisfied pride that he questioned before she had time to impart her wonderful news.

"Why, Constance, what is it? You seem wonderfully pleased."

"Pleased!" burst forth Madame in her most pompous tones. "Mon cher, we are at last recognized by the aristocratic world. Here is a formal invitation from Madame la Vicomtesse de Longville, a maternal aunt of Madame de Bois-Fleury and Madame de Charmeuse, for us to spend three weeks with her during September at her castle in the Gers. I told you we would win our way into the most exclusive families in time. There is nothing like money nowadays."

Monsieur Boursier took the invitation, read it, then returning it to his wife, said:

"This letter states that Monsieur de Charmeuse is a nephew of Madame de Longville."

"Yes, she is his aunt on his mother's side. Madame de Charmeuse and Madame de Longville were sisters. They were Mesdemoiselles de Mongival before their marriages. Ah, I know all the genealogies of those families. But why did you ask?"

"Simply because I know that it is not our wealth which won us this recognition, but rather the fact that we have a charming daughter who has been fortunate enough to please young de Charmeuse."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, what you, her mother, should have noticed before me, that Isabelle and Jacques de Charmeuse were beginning to become deeply interested in each other while we were traveling in Switzerland. It was for that very reason that I insisted after the accident upon returning home immediately."

"I can't see your object in cutting short that delightful trip. I was the greatest person for keeping them together."

"Yes, and perhaps ruin the life's happiness of my daughter. I dared not risk it," gravely replied Monsieur Boursier.

"You are far from clear in your meaning this morning," impatiently exclaimed Madame Boursier. "A marriage with Monsieur de Charmeuse ruin Isabelle's life, I'd like to know?"

"A marriage would not have ruined it, of that I was sure, but I was far from certain that such was his intention."

"What!" and Madame drew herself up with offended dignity. "You surely do not think that he would dare offer anything else to our daughter!"

"Certainly," answered her husband. "I was sure that Monsieur de Charmeuse was a gentleman to respect the innocence of a girl like Isabelle. But I did not think that a flirtation with her during the ennui of a summer's travel, then, when he wanted a life's partner, would turn to one of his own world."

"What could he desire more than our daughter has to offer—elegance, intelligence, a pleasing face, all the accomplishments of the modern young lady, a large dot and the assurance of a large inheritance, since our fortune, though divided between three children, would still make a bewildering sum for those ruined nobles who have little more than their ancient names."

"That's just it," objected Monsieur Boursier, "they have the name and we have none and that reduces all other advantages to nothing."

Madame Boursier was thoroughly out of patience with her husband. She shrugged her shoulders as she replied in contemptuous tones:

"One would think that you have forgotten that we are in a republic and that the name of Boursier is worth far more in the commercial world today than those of Charmeuse, Bois-Fleury and Longville put together."

Had not the discussion which concerned his daughter's happiness been of such profound interest to Monsieur Boursier, he would, as was his habit, have let the subject drop, but today he replied to his wife's last remark:

"If such be the case, how is it that you are so eager to be recognized as equals by those very people? Why were you so pleased an instant ago to receive an invitation from Madame de Longville?"

Madame Boursier could find no answer to these questions, so her husband continued after a slight pause:

"You see, Constance, you are unable to answer because there is no answer to give. They are prouder of their name than you are of your millions, and even in this century, when money is everything, there would not find very many of those nobles who would refuse to marry a rich American for gold. Of course we find some exceptions, but those exceptions simply confirm the rule."

"Then I suppose you would wish us to refuse the invitation previously accepted?" Madame, who was angry with herself and with her husband, was trying to lure him into her in an argument.

"Was the invitation, I urge you to take Isabelle, since this invitation from the young man's family shows me conclusively that he is serious in his wooing and too deeply to had feared of a summer's flirtation no longer remembered by the young man himself. It is rather the beginning of a sweet love affair which I trust she may find constant and bliss. A young girl is more than tender to a pretty traveling companion and is not remembered when her home life as a young lady of Isabelle's condition invited her to forget. But when he has once renewed her as an equal and this recognition means that he considers her worthy of being his wife, I shall be willing to see the child's artless grace win what her heart desires and I shall bless the day of her happiness."

Madame Boursier was dumfounded by her husband's words. She realized that he was possible that she had lived twenty-seven years with a man and not known him.

"Then you think Isabelle is in love with young man?" she asked almost timidly, her self-confidence for the first minutes her husband had assumed some authority.

"Indeed I do," was the reply this that alarmed me. Is it possible that you have not noticed her changed looks, her lack of appetite, her sighs and her pale cheeks? All this means one of two things—illness of love. I have questioned the heart, and satisfied myself that it is not the first, so it must be the second."

"Then I have to come that I did not notice it, while you have?" asked Madame, with some surprise to her husband.

"The reason is simple, my dear. It is because I have studied my daughters' dispositions rather than the art of shining in the social world. While you thought only of speaking French on colloquial terms, I sought rather to understand the complex nature of the young girls with whom God had blessed our union."

"To hear you speak, one would think that I was a mere nonentity in the life of Madame Boursier, as an angry flash lit her eyes.

Her husband saw his danger and, rising, he walked up to her and with a caressing gesture laid his hands on her shoulders.

"No, Constance, far is that thought from my heart. I would never accuse you of lack of motherly love. Simply your devotion for your children's future makes you less attentive to their present needs. But," this in lighter tone, "I can't see what this visit to Madame de Longville will satisfy us have to consider your daughter will make a brilliant match; myself, because I wish to marry as she loves. When are you to start?"

"Why, are you not coming? The invitation states Monsieur and Madame Boursier and their daughter."

"Yes, I regret that I will send my regrets. You women have the faculty of adapting yourselves to any situation in which you bring yourself to live. I am with us men. I am a plain man of business, a producer, a maker of money, but one who knows little of the niceties of life. Besides, I am a man who from birth have had no other occupation but the study of etiquette. In my youth I had to work my way up in society, and today makes it possible for a daughter of mine to marry the son of Countess de Charmeuse, and now because of the unheralded good fortune of my son I am unable to adapt myself to a new mode of existence. I will remain home, and, believe me, my absence from the chateau de Longville of Madame de Longville will aid our Isabelle to make the conquest of those people in whose midst she will one day be called to live."

Madame Boursier did not insist, for looking at her husband's heavy form and inelegance of attitude, it felt that he was right, that he could not favorably compare with the men whom they would be called on to meet at Madame de Longville's.

At last the day for the departure arrived and Isabelle, bidding her mother to wait for her in the carriage, had hastened up stairs to bid farewell to the governess. She found Adriana standing by the open window, looking with sad, hungry eyes at the scene spreading in the valley below. Something in the discouraged pose of the pathetic figure in black struck Isabelle to the heart and with an impulsive gesture she threw her arms about the slight form and cried, as tears of gratitude filled her eyes:

"Ah, Mademoiselle, how can I ever repay you? It is to you I owe my happiness."

Adriana folded the girl to her bosom and held her there for an instant in an almost convulsive embrace, then, after resting her lips on the white brow, she released her, saying sadly:

"Be happy, dear, and make him happy; that is all the thanks I crave."

Then suddenly, as though struck by another thought:

"Yes, there is something else I must ask of your gratitude. When Monsieur de Charmeuse first speaks of love, I want you to let me know immediately, before he has a chance to come here to make a formal demand for your hand. Do you promise?"

"I do, but why—"

"Yes, you want to know my reason for this unusual demand, the time is not yet ripe for you to know. Let this reserve on my part, however, not stop you from granting my request. In planning for your happiness and his I do not wish to neglect the preservation of my own peace of mind and this might be forever destroyed did you fail to warn me in time."

They could say no more, for a servant came up to tell them that Madame Boursier was getting impatient, so Isabelle, after another kiss, hastened from the room and rejoined her mother in the carriage.

CHAPTER X.
LOVE.

Madame Boursier and her daughter were met at the station of Auch by Jacques de Charmeuse, who, after having assisted on coming to meet the guests. The young man had arrived in time for dinner and during the dinner on the evening of their arrival Madame de Longville had informed her nephew of the proposed visit. His face had beamed with delight and he had exclaimed:

"Oh, Tante Camille, how lovely of you to have thought of inviting them!"

"I am sorry to say that I must not claim the credit, it was your sister's suggestion that I should write to you, Jacques," turning to Nestor with a kindly smile. "I am sure you will be glad to see your sister, your mother or your sister and would Madame Boursier and her daughter?" then in my list of guests had not Madame de Bois-Fleury suggested it. It seems that she is now traveling with the child and tells me that your sister, Monsieur, is a most charming and accomplished young person and would prove a pleasant companion for my daughter," and Madame de Longville beamed a look of infinite love on a pale, slight girl seated at Nestor's right.

She was very pretty, but the extreme pallor of her face and delicacy of her features were her most striking charms. Her beauty was of the kind which grows gradually upon one rather than at first glance, and only a detailed examination of her features would prove to the observer that she was beautiful. A few days after her arrival three months before had endangered her life, and though she had fully recovered, she had not regained her old-time health, but her weakness and paller lent an added charm to the delicate contour of her aristocratic face.

The idea of a visit was a brilliant idea, since Mademoiselle Boursier is just the person to amuse Nestor, and would prove a valuable addition to your house party, for she is one of the most accomplished girls I have met."

"That is just what your sister told me," naively answered Madame de Longville, while Nestor looked at his friend with a start. The young man's enthusiasm had caused a sudden revelation to dawn on his mind—Jacques loved his sister!

All today he had watched Auch as he watched the meeting between the two, he was confronted by the certitude that his sister returned that love. It was, therefore, with the utmost curiosity and interest that he began to watch the unfolding of the tender romance.

"It is so nice of you, Monsieur le Comte," had exclaimed Madame Boursier in her most gracious tones, as she shook hands with Jacques de Charmeuse at the station, "to have taken the trouble to come in person to meet us."

"Ah, Madame," warmly replied the young man, as he agreed with undisguised affection on Isabelle's blushing fact, "it is I who should be thankful for having the privilege of being the first to welcome you and introduce you to my aunt, Madame de Longville."

As they talked they had walked to the carriage and while the young people and mother Jacques found time to murmur to Isabelle:

"You can not guess, Mademoiselle, what happiness your presence brings to me."

Mademoiselle Boursier, the young girl statmented a reply as she was in her turn being helped into the carriage. On the way to the castle, while the horses were from the town, Nestor and his mother did most of the talking, Jacques and Isabelle too blissfully happy for words.

They were met at the hall of the castle by Madame de Longville, who received them with genial courtesy, which somewhat surprised Madame Boursier, who had feared that such a grande dame would treat her with that cold hauteur she herself used toward inferiors. But she reflected:

"She must consider us equals then. I will watch and see how she treats the servants."

She did not have long to wait, since Madame de Longville, having greeted Isabelle, turned to a liveried servant who stood near.

"Jean," she said, in the same kindly voice, "will you please inform Mademoiselle Renee that our guests have arrived?"

The servant bowed and was going to mount the stairs, when a vision in white appeared on the steps and descended slowly toward them. It was Renee de Longville and as Nestor saw her, we frail and sweet in that white gown which brought out still more the pallor of the face, he felt that he had never seen a more angelically beautiful woman than the daughter of his hostess.

Her greeting, like her mother's, was cordial and pleasant, for when pressing Isabelle's hand, she had said with one of her dazzling smiles:

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...t hope, Mademoiselle, that we may become friends. I have, since the marriage ... name de Bois-Fleury, lost the dear... and I had and I hope that you may ... her, since she speaks so highly of you.

It was only after they had been shown to their rooms that they might dress for dinner that Madame Bourrier was able to bring calm into the chaos of her thoughts. These people, whose name placed them in the very highest rank of the French aristocracy, had notes of the arrogance and insolent pride she had fondly supposed they possessed. Besides, while she had kept her daughters as far from her as possible, in the four of being called "bourgeois," this viscountess and her daughter were open in their demonstration of affection and were more like friends than mother and daughter.

This astonishment deepened still more as the days passed and she saw more and more how needlessly she ... her fears. Her inclinations to her station ... were merely like a needle obeying the day after their arrival other guests began to arrive and soon the pleasant house party was complete. The forenoons ... people in rowing, dri... on the lake, the afternoons in quiet ... on the lawn, the evenings in music ... formal dinners.

Isabelle was in paradise. ... her fond ... her find the days only the len... and the nights not long enough to rest in the morning for ball-gowns and the pleasures crowded into the day. Friendship with Mlle de Longville ... progressed rapidly and now the four ... people—Nestor and Irene ... Isabelle—were ... constantly ... games and pleasures ... rapidly ... more bloomed with the ... while her eyes lost their languor ... sion and glowed with a ...

Madame de Longville ... the object in her daughter, sole ... left her of a very happy married life which had been ... by the accidental ... before by the violent death of her husband, who had been the victim of a railway accident.

One afternoon, as the young people were enjoying a violent game of lawn tennis, Madame de Longville exclaimed to the ladies, who were fanning ... seated on the veranda:

"You can not guess what joy fills my heart as I see my daughter's rapid return to health. I feared I would lose her for so long a time ... recovery was so slow."

"She was very ill, then?" asked Madame Bourrier.

"Yes, for one whole week the doctors kept her alive with oxygen and salt injections, and then she was so great that for days there was the constant fear of heart failure."

"When was she first taken sick?" asked Madame Lady, Madame de Villefort.

About two months after the marriage of Madame de Bois-Fleury. It was when Marguerite was on her wedding tour that Renee first took to her bed and it was the middle of January before she was able to leave it again. Dr. Le Resux, whom we summoned from Paris, where we was then ... ordered that she should be given distraction in a moderate degree, and it was decided that I reopened my house, closed to the world since the death of my husband.

A look of sorrow swept over Madame de Longville's face at this mention of her husband and Madame de Villefort, wishing to break the painful thoughts that the name aroused, hastened to say:

"Why is it that Madame de Bois-Fleury is not now gone quite some time? She was such a friend of Renee's that I was almost certain she would be present."

A faint smile, not devoid of sadness, came to Madame de Longville's lips as she replied:

"Those two wedded lovers are still in their honeymoon and don't think it has even reached its first quarter, for though Marguerite had promised me a month, she has invented some outlandish excuses to remain away. They are now buried in their castle on the Loire ... and there ... are enjoying to peace their love idyl ... can't ... and I blame them. The sorrows of life come soon enough. One should learn to drink deeply of the cup of bliss while it is presented to the lips, since it may never return filled with as much sweetness entirely unmixed with bitterness."

As the days passed Jacque de Chatillon felt his love for Isabelle increase to such a point that he knew he could never be happy unless he had her for his wife. He had been raised in a new school of thought in which democratic sentiments predominated ... and ... and ... and

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CHAPTER XIII.
INSIDE THE CLIFF.

It was after dinner that the boys found the nuts and bolts dropped, they were then on their way to the treasure cache with the "Pioneer."

"Ah thinks dat $10,000 wasn't enough," said Duff.

"It is all I have here," said Lance.

"But there's the treasure," said Tom.

"That belongs to Kolo until I die," said Lance.

"That calls for mo' talk," said Duff.

The electric boat was driven to the hiding place of the treasure without difficulty. The boys were obliged to literally bore their way through the thick water growth. At last, however, the machine stood by the sunken chest.

"Now, look out for bullets," said Tom. "The Mexican knows now where the stuff is buried, for he saw Kolo digging here, and he'll be watching to see that we do not get away with the stuff."

Dross was placed on watch.

"Huh, de dago'll come an' get de boat if you make it fast to de rock," said Dross, "an' den we'll be stuck. We'll be glad to get away from dere, I'll bet."

Dross grinned but said nothing. He was ashamed of having been caught napping.

Strong cables were now attached to the stone and to the machine. Then the power was turned on and the machine started away. The stone left the bed it had occupied for centuries, disclosing under immediately under it.

"Ah don't see no treasure," groaned Duff.

"Try it with a pick," directed Lance.

In a moment Duff was down in the hole, working away with a pick, and the third blow the rock gave way, and the little darky was precipitated into an excavation about six feet in depth. A shout came from the hole as the boys looked down to see what had become of the darky.

"Hurrah!" Duff cried. "Here's de boxes of gold. My! but dey're heavy. Wow!"

The darky had attempted to lift one of the chests which were there and the handle had broken off in his hands, on the sides on the floor of the little cavern.

The young explorers had indeed come upon the buried treasure of the ancient Incas. There were three chests filled with the gold and precious stones. There were diamonds worth the ransom of a king.

"There's a million dollars," cried Tom, leaping into the excavation.

The cables were attached to the boxes and they were soon stored away in the boat.

"What surprises me," said Lance, as they started for the old camping place, "is the calmness with which Juan contemplates the removal of the treasure. He must be watching us, or at least must know what we are doing, for he could not fail to see the boat making for this spot."

"Perhaps we've got him faded!" suggested Tom.

"No," said Lance. "The fellow has something up his sleeve. He hopes to capture the treasure, boat and all, after we have gone to the trouble of finding and digging it out of the ground. Yes, he evidently has something up his sleeve."

"Then we must keep close watch," said Tom.

"De beats gwine to de bottom ob de sea!" cried Duff. "Gee! but we're all rich as mud. Ahll gwine to buy a new back."

"This find belongs to Kolo," said Lance. "Perhaps he's dead, and Kolo's heir."

"We shall soon know," said Tom. "I am aching to get on to that ledge where Duff stirred up the puma. I believe we shall find an opening there, and it may connect with the one used by Juan."

"If there is a secret passage through the range," said Lance, "it may lead us into the valley of the City of Silver and Gold. I am quite certain that we are not far from it now."

The boat was taken back to the old place by the lake and, leaving Dross and Duff on guard, Lance and Tom set out for the scene of the darky's adventure with the puma.

Reaching the spot they mounted the ledge by the same means used by the darky. The climb was not extremely difficult up to that point, but there the journey ended. Not a crevice or a projection showed above. The wall was almost as smooth as glass.

"Now, look out for a puma," said Tom, as the boys turned the corner of the ledge. The beast was there! But, instead of showing fight, it turned and fled!

"Scared to death!" said Tom.

"I can't understand this," said Lance. "They usually fight to the death. Listen!"

A slight shock snook the mountain!

The sound of falling rocks was heard.

"Another earthquake!" shouted Tom. "What is what frightened the beast!"

This was indeed the correct solution of the puzzle. Wild animals become cowardly in the face of great convulsions of nature.

The ledge where the boys stood began to crumble away, the shock was not at first a severe one, but it required only a faint tremble to start the brittle rock forming the ledge toward the valley floor.

A short distance away a long stretch of the narrow path broke in a crash, and a boulder on the mountain side followed with a roar like thunder.

"Look!" cried Tom.

The falling boulder had dropped away from the mouth of a cavern in the wall of rock. Here was where the frightened puma had taken refuge.

"I don't know about going in there," said Lance. "If the puma does not get us the rocks may. Another shock like that and the tunnel we see may shut up like a knife."

"We must risk it," decided Lance, "for the ledge is fast crumbling away, and we can't get down by the way we ascended. Are you ready?"

The young adventurers did not reach the mouth of the cavern any too soon, for as they entered it the whole of the ledge fell, dropped away and rattled down into the valley.

The place in which the boys now found themselves was just a tunnel in the solid rock. Where they stood was perhaps six feet high and ten feet in width. The floor was level and smooth. For years it had been worn and polished by the feet of the wild animals of the Andes. Lance produced an electric lantern.

"Straight ahead," he said, "as the light flashed along the dark walls. "See, the passage winds to the right, and that is in the direction of the valley which Juan must have entered. Here's hoping the two connect."

A crash interrupted the speaker. The passage the boys were following filled with falling rock.

"If they do not connect," said Tom ruefully, "we are likely to remain here until the end of the world, for the entrance is now tangled up with about a thousand tons of rocks. I wish I'd never let you, Lance."

Scarcely they were! The current of air which had been pouring into the cavern from the valley suddenly ceased, and the air became damp as wet to the fingers that held it up, then advanced straight ahead.

"It's all right!" Lance shouted. "There's an opening back here somewhere, for this is the draft of air, and the farther I go the stronger it becomes."

The boys now turned the corner of a sharp projection and found themselves in a chamber of considerable size, the general form being circular. The ceiling was high, and at the apex was an opening through which the blue sky showed.

"This place was never formed by accident," said Tom. "The Incas once hid here after crossing the Andes. There are crevices in the walls which must have been used as sleeping places, and there are niches cut in the sides of the walls as rests to reach that skylight. Say this isn't a bad place for an ambuscade."

"There's the puma now," said Lance.

The shivering of the rocks had ceased. There were more crashes of falling ledges or boulders. The air was still and clear. The boys looked down through the opening like the heart of a flower. The mountain walls were perpendicular. Instead it was best on avenging the death of its mate.

Tom leveled his revolver, but Lance checked him as he was about to fire.

"It won't answer to fire here," he said, "for that would alarm the Mexican provided the two tunnels connect, of which I have now no doubt. Keep close to the electric lantern and the beast will not molest you."

Tom did as requested, and the puma, after circling around the boys and growling for a short time, disappeared down a passage running to the south from the chamber.

"There you are," said Tom. "That leads to the other tunnel. If we listen a few moments we may hear Juan defending himself with his gun."

They did listen and presently there came a shot, then another. The echoes rumbled terribly in the cavernous place.

"That settles it," said Lance. "We have learned what we wanted to know. The passages do connect. Now, suppose we climb up there and look out over the valley. I am a little nervous regarding the safety of the boys and the boat."

CHAPTER XIV.
A PLOT AGAINST THE PIONEER.

After a long and toilsome climb the young explorers finally reached the opening in the roof of the cavern, and lost no time in stepping out. They found themselves on a level table of rock, perhaps two hundred rods in diameter. Above, on one side, rose the main range of the Andes.

The way was open to the valley, except that a parapet of rocks lay along the edge of the rocky table. This it was which had prevented the boys seeing the level spot on the mountain side. The boys found themselves about two hundrd feet above the floor of the valley.

To the east rose the mountains in giant massacre. To the west, the valley lay like a gem in the sunlight. To the south the peaks dropped away, and it was plain to see that it was from that side the boys in the valley beyond, if there was one, must be found. To the south, too, lay the boat and Dross. The only verdure in sight was that in the green valley which the boys had just left.

Lance adjusted his field glasses and turned his gaze in the direction of the lake where the Pioneer had been left. What he saw caused an exclamation of anger and alarm to leave his lips.

"Look, Tom," he cried, handing his companion the glasses. "That devil of a Juan must have seen us approaching the boat that day we saw him running away from it. See! he is signing a truce, making the fuse is not long enough!"

"But if Juan is there at the boat," said Tom, "who fired that shot?"

"There may be a dozen of the devils in the mountains," said Lance, "why don't the boys stop him? He will blow up the boat!"

"We must go down there," said Tom.

"We can't get there in time to stop that explosion," said Lance, as a thin line of smoke arose under the hand of the Mexican and ran along the ground toward the boat.

The boys turned away with a shudder. They could not bear to see their beloved boat destroyed. What had become of Dross and Duff? Had they been murdered?

As they and Tom waited for the explosion they felt another tremble of the rocks. It was with difficulty that they kept their footing. They sprang away to the south just in time to escape a shower of boulders which rattled down upon the rocky table from the mountain. In a moment they were in a chaos between the peaks of the range. The earth trembled violently. Then came a shock like the fall of cities, the work of man. Clouds drifted over the face of the sun and a weird, uncanny atmosphere settled over the scene.

The boys ran swiftly to the south, hoping to reach a place where the explosion would not be apt to fall upon them. As they ran they listened for an explosion, but none came. The Pioneer might still be safe. The earthquake might have prevented the destruction of the little machine.

Presently the boys came to a level rock, similar to the one they had just left. South of it was a high, smooth wall of rock, which seemed to bar their way further in that direction.

"Dame Nature seems to have thrown things about promiscuously in this region," said Lance. "I wonder how we are going to get out of this?"

Lance did not reply, for at that moment both explorers were thrown to their knees and, with arms encircled and cheeks pale, ribbon under them.

When the wall of rock crashed away, the dust of its destruction settled, the earth ceased to tremble, and away to the south laid a wide valley through which flowed a wide river, and on the banks of the river shone the City of Silver and Gold!

Both boys uttered exclamations of delight. The manner of the discovery doubled the victory of the quest. It had all come about like the denoument of a play. The rocky curtain had fallen away, revealing a stage setting of city and plain—the city they were there to find!

The castles, temples and plainer structures of the city loomed dimly through what appeared to be a mist, but they seemed very substantial. It was no dreamy picture upon which the boys looked.

Then, for a minute the sun broke through a rift in the clouds and lay upon the city like a caressing hand. The temples shone with gold. The castles sparkled white with silver. The great palms spread protecting boughs over pleasant parks and flower-laden avenues.

Then the sun withdrew her rays, the mist deepened, the cloud dropped lower. Far down in the earth began a rumbling, which grew louder as it came nearer to the surface.

Then, before the astonished eyes of the explorers, the green floor of the valley

gathered in folds, like a garment under which the wind moves. The palms swayed, toppled and fell. The temples and castles rocked, crumbled, and fell to the earth in useless piles of rock and cement.

Then the valley opened, following the line where the stream cut into the crust, and the two sections lifted at the outer margin and stood upright for a second, then, with a roar and a crash which might have been heard miles away, came together and formed a ridge of rock over the beautiful city which had for centuries lain in his arms!

"My God!" cried Lance. "Is there no way by which we can reach the scene of the calamity? Thousands of people must be buried alive in that awful shaft!"

"It is hopeless," replied Tom. "They are hundreds of feet from the surface. See, the water is rising on either side of the ridge. It will soon form a lake!"

"Then all are doomed!" said Lance. "It may be that the quake has also transformed the valley. Ah! but it is dreadful! That beautiful city! That we should see it for an instant, wrapped in the smile of its deity, the sun, and then witness its utter annihilation! Thousands of years have passed since its foundations were laid. Human beings long loved and hated there. And at last the Universal Mother chained her own!"

"It is remarkable that the destruction of the city should come just at this time," said Tom. "It was a fearful sight. But now we must consider means of getting back to our valley, if, indeed, it still exists. We little know what has been going on in that beautiful spot. The Pioneer may be wrecked, the boys dead!"

"And Kola!" cried Lance. "How can we get to the cavern and rescue him?"

"I'm afraid the cavern is no more," said Tom. "It must have collapsed under that terrible quake. But look! There is Kola, alive and well!"

The boys gazed in wonder at the Indian as he approached them. He limped painfully, and one arm seemed to be useless, but his face shone with delight at sight of his friends.

"Where is Juan?" asked Lance. "Up to some deviltry, I'll be bound!"

Kola pointed to the valley where the boat lay.

"He went there," he said, "leaving me bound. I succeeded in getting rid of my bonds just in time to slay a puma with Juan's revolver, which he had left behind. The quake tumbled the walls about me, and I escaped. See! There is a lake forming there in the valley, and the ridge you observe will soon be an island."

"An island," said Lance soberly, "which holds deep in its depths all that remains of the City of Silver and Gold!"

In a few words the story of the destruction of the place was told to Kola.

The water rose swiftly in the valley. The stream was a large one, and rapidly filled all the space between the high peaks which had shut in the city. It was evident that even the ridge where the buried city lay would shortly be submerged.

Lance glanced hastily about.

"We shall soon be in the water," he said. "There seems to be no break in the mountain masses about us which will permit the water to escape. There will soon be an immense lake here, probably miles in diameter."

"There is a current running to the north. That must be flooding our valley."

It was Tom who spoke. Both boys mounted a little elevation and looked away to the north. The valley was indeed flooded! The Pioneer was nowhere in view!

"If Juan did not succeed in destroying her," said Tom, "she has been drawn to the bottom. What were Dross and Duff doing?"

"Perhaps we shall never know," said Lance sadly.

"The source of this river must be high up in the mountains," said Tom, "or the water would not rise so high. Well, there must remain an island here, to the right, for it can hardly overflow that peak."

"Yes," said Kola, "but an island of rock, upon which we shall die of starvation. Ah, the quest of sacred treasure is not a good quest! It is now buried under the water, the treasure! Let it lie there forever!"

"You are mistaken," said Tom, "the treasure is in the boat."

"Still, it may be under water," said Lance.

The water was now lapping the edge of the cave upon which they stood, and they advanced up the peak referred to as likely to form an island.

"We now know how these lofty mountain lakes are formed," said Lance.

"And the barren islands," added Tom.

"I think that even this refuge will soon be under water," said Kola.

CHAPTER XV.

DUFF'S LITTLE JOKE.

The water continued to rise rapidly. The boys were now at the very top of the elevation, the only one they could reach without swimming.

The nearest land, or rock, rather, consisted of a long ridge of considerable height which blocked the view to the north. Just as the explorers were preparing to make for this refuge, as having more room, a shout was heard, and the next moment the Pioneer swung gracefully around the corner of the line of rock!

Lance, Tom and Kola would have danced with delight had the surroundings been suitable for such a proceeding. They had fully believed the boat to be at the bottom of the valley they had left, under at least two hundred feet of water. To see it come sailing up now seemed little less than a miracle.

The reading-room window was open and the face of the fat little darky was in sight as the electric machine drew up to the peak upon which the boys clung. Dross being at the wheel.

"My God," cried Lance.

"Hey, there, you little coon," shouted Tom, "where have you been keeping that boat? We thought it had been blown up, and drawn down, and eternally destroyed. Did you come up from the bottom?"

"Dat's my joke!" yelled Duff.

"What's your joke?" demanded Lance.

"To make you think I'd let de water get de best ob a coon!" was the reply. "Ah got dat ol' bad-luck owl drowned! Dead Ah did! We don' hab no mo' bad luck from dis time on! Yo' done min' dat!"

The boat drew up to the rock and the three were soon inside.

"Where's the Mexican?" asked Lance. "We saw him trying to blow the boat up with an explosive!"

Duff doubled up with laughter.

"Dat's anudder joke!" he said. "It's a joke on de dago! He stuck powder an' tried to blow up boat. Dat clay-eater watched him. Then de boat, an' when the charge was about to go off he stopped it by breakin' de connection. See?"

"Why didn't you tell the Mexican?" asked Kola.

"'Cause he kill hisself," replied Duff. "Dat's de joke on Juan! He fool wid the powder, an' fool, an' fool! Bimeby he fool too much, an' it 'splodes, an' he fly up, an' he fly down, an' he fly into ten thousand pieces! Dat's a joke on Juan."

"You're a bloodthirsty little nigger," said Dross.

"Sure," replied Duff. "I done kill yo' ol' ow'. Ah done no mo' bad luck! You hear dis coon!"

"Well," said Lance, "there is no reason why we should not make for home, now that the City of Silver and Gold is no more."

"How are we to get the boat out of here?" asked Tom. "If we could only make her fly! We might try to fix the breaks in her flying machinery!"

"It can't be done," replied Lance. "We haven't the tools to do it with. Besides, the boat must be put in dry dock and taken pretty much to pieces in order to do the job properly. No, we must find some way to float out!"

"But we are getting higher and higher every minute," said Tom. "It looks to me that all the waters of the seven seas are centering here. That river must have been a deep one to fill this immense valley so quickly."

"There is more than one stream busy here," said Lance. "We can only wait and hope to find some way out. The Pioneer can dive yet, thank God! and there may be a subterranean outlet somewhere."

In that case the water wouldn't pile up so fast," said Tom.

"There are plenty of lakes much higher than this in the Andes," said Lance.

"But if they had an outlet of size they would soon run off," urged Tom. "No, we shall have to run the Pioneer along mountain ridges, floating where we must, in order to get out of this."

"We shall see," replied Lance.

The boat circled about the new lake until the sun set on the eventful day, but no trace of an underground outlet could be found.

Early the next morning Lance noticed that the lake appeared to be lower than on the previous night. The wet line on the rocks was at least six feet above high water mark.

"That looks hopeful," said Tom.

Lance looked grave.

"We must make a run down the mountain," he said, "if we can get to the summit of one of these ranges. The lower we go now the harder will be the task of getting out."

"That's right!" cried Kola. "Off to the south is a wide opening, leading to the Atlantic. If you head the boat for that you will strike fairly level country after you get down the mountain side."

"Where does this river rise?" asked Lance. "It is not down on the maps."

"No one knows," was the reply. "It is a very large river, and ships sail up it some distance. Yes, it is on the maps."

Lance hastened to the reading-room. Yes, there was the long river.

The boat was now turned south and an attempt was made to get up and over the ridge which shut in the valley, now fast emptying of water. The machine struggled bravely, but the grade was too much for her.

Lance let her back into the water with failure written on his face. To his dismay she began to whirl round and round.

"That's strange," said Tom, but Lance knew in a moment the cause of this new motion.

He sprang to the levers. In a minute the boat was closed and ready for action. The full power was turned on and the searchlight brought into use. The reservoirs at the keel were filled with water.

"We're in a whirlpool!" cried Dross, "This ends the Pioneer!"

Down, down, sank the boat, whirling around swiftly as it went down."

Presently the bottom was reached, and the boat settled down in front of a monster opening under the mountain.

"Here's the subterranean outlet," said Lance. "See, it is deeper than the floor of the valley. We are at the bottom of the river which we saw from the table rock!"

"And about to suffer its outlet," continued Kola. "The quake blocked it for a time, but the rush of water forced the channel clear again."

This was the exact fact, as the boys saw great boulders forced to the sides of the wide channel which the boat now entered.

It was a wild ride! The strong searchlight revealed numberless caverns in the underground world. An army might have hidden in some of them.

At times the stream was swift, the descent steep, but the boat did her work well. At other times she spun through a sluggish lake.

At last the Pioneer swung into daylight. The boys saw that they were on a river of considerable size, running between lofty mountain ranges. It was full to the banks. The waters above, which had been held by the obstruction, were now pouring out, causing the conditions the boys saw.

The stream being very deep, the boys had little trouble in navigating it. Once they were obliged to prepare for submarine work, but it was only a wide channel under a range through which they passed.

Before the sun set they were out on a river which flowed between green plains. The remainder of the journey to the ocean was uneventful.

At the coast Kola insisted on leaving his companions. He also insisted on their accepting a large quantity of gold and gems as their share of the sacred treasure of the Incas.

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STAR MONTHLY 33 Hunter Street, Oak Park, Ill.

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"It's worth more than a million!" cried Tom, looking down on the store of wealth, as Kola passed up the dock, where curious people were assembling to inspect the boat, the like of which they had never seen.

"I should say two millions," said Lance.

"Where's me banjo!" demanded Duff. "Yaller shoes! Red tie! 'Possum supper! Ah'll lib like a nigger alderman!"

"That isn't yours, fool," said Dross.

"Part of it is," said Lance. "I'll deduct one large stone for the little joke he got on us, though."

Duff grinned and went his way to the pilot house, where he found his instrument ready for use.

"Ah tell yo' that we hab no mo' trouble after we don' git rid ob dat bad-luck bird!" he said. "Dross he kill me preacher bird, too."

"Of course," said the white man.

"Now for home," said Lance.

"No hurry," said Tom, thinking of his return to the steamer with dismay. The wild life he had been leading had just caught his fancy.

"Well," said Lance, "I want to get home in time for the wedding of Captain Claire-bourn and mother."

So they sailed over the Gulf of Honduras, over the Gulf of Mexico, up the Mississippi, into the bayou, and were home in time.

(The end.)

Two Faces Under One Hat.

(Continued from page seven.)

"The money? Yes, yes, the body robbed! The money that was to have paid off your mortgages, Caleb Marsh, gone! Now, you will know that it was not I who committed the fearful crime. Search me! Here I stand. Oh, God, to have it thought that I could commit a deed so black!"

"Little good, searching you!" said Cleaver. "If you have the murdered man's valuables about you let the sheriff find them when you are locked up. If you have had time to secrete them, we will ascertain that fact later."

"Time? I had just reached the body when I called, 'Help!' I was on my way to Coulton; you must have been directly behind me. God knows the anguish that filled my heart when I saw before me here the dead body of my friend, yet warm and the blood yet flowing. Villains! You are letting the real murderer escape! Oh, Heaven! Kate, my Kate! To what will this foul crime lead?"

"To the gallows, I'm thinking, for you, young fellow," observed Cleaver.

"Ah, here are two men coming," said Caleb. "Doctor Reed and Driscol."

"Hello, what is the matter, gentlemen?" at this moment called out the doctor.

"Ah, doctor, the most bloody crime that has ever been committed in Lundy County was but now committed here! An upright, honorable man has been foully murdered. There stands the red-handed assassin in charge of Constable Cleaver. He was captured by us, even with the bloody dirk in his hand."

"Well, well," exclaimed the doctor, "this is a sad affair!"

"Doctor Reed," exclaimed Mark, whose heart was wrung with the contending emotions of sorrow, indignation and horror over the position he was in, "you must know me! Oh, tell me, tell me, sir, that you do not believe the charges these wretches make against me!"

"Mark Perry, as I am alive!" exclaimed the doctor, as he sank on his knees by the side of the corpse. "I, I know nothing about it, Mark. I scarcely believe it. Why, this man has been dead some time."

"We have been here at least ten minutes," said Caleb. "We arrived on the fearful scene just as the assassin was withdrawing the dirk blade from the murdered man's breast."

By this time the doctor had torn open the shirt front. "The victim was killed instantly," he said. "That thrust pierced the heart. Ah, I see! Robbery was the motive; the pants pockets are wrong side out, and here is even blood on the inside of this breast pocket. The assassin's hand has been here. Here, also, you can see where the watch chain has been torn from the vest—that buttonhole shows it."

"And these wretches will hold me! Every moment the murderer is fleeing further, with the evidences of his guilt about him. When I arrived on the scene the warm blood was yet flowing from his wound. I cried 'help,' and drew the dirk forth. As I did so, Caleb Marsh and the officer arrived. This man was my best friend. He arrived here with ten thousand dollars with which to relieve Caleb Marsh of the mortgages he holds on Elwood.

"The murdered man came here at my request, and now—and now—my God, have mercy on me! Kate Ellis is my betrothed wife. I have been prosperous since I left my old home. I had a happy prospect before me. Ask yourself if I can be guilty of this crime. Where is the ten thousand dollars? Where is my old friend's watch? His name was carved on the inner case. Where is his pocketbook, and all of his belongings? I have told them to search me—to turn my pockets inside out."

"The valuables you doubtless secured when you first knocked the man down with that bludgeon," said Cleaver, "and secreted them somewhere here until you had finished him."

"That would be unnatural," observed the doctor.

"How his hands are clenched," said Caleb, kneeling down and grasping one of them.

"He half opened it, and there rolled from it into his palm a large, rusty, brass button. Quickly he closed his hand and glanced into the faces of his companions. No one had observed it. He transferred it to his vest pocket.

"Constable," said the doctor, "you are not giving this boy a fair chance. He tells a plausible tale. There is not time to talk this matter over here. Why don't you take him to town if he is your prisoner; notify the coroner and sheriff and let men be sent out to scour the country for suspects at once? Let the dead man's friends be notified!"

"Why, the matter is so plain——"

"Plain? What would the young man do if he tells the truth; pass on and leave his old friend lying there, or withdraw the knife and call for help?"

"The cry for help fell from the lips of the murdered man," said Caleb.

"You two are neither judge or jury," continued the doctor. "This lad's life is in danger if he be innocent—delay no longer."

"Driscol," said the constable, "will you remain here until the coroner arrives?"

"Yes, only make haste, and as the doctor says—give the lad a chance."

Caleb in this time had opened the fingers of the other hand, but no tell-tale evidence was there. "Surely," he observed, "it's well to have the section scoured for suspicious characters. Mark Perry may have had an accomplice."

"You ride with me, Mr. Marsh," said the doctor, "and let Cleaver take Mark in your buggy."

"Yes, all right."

"Get in the buggy, prisoner," said Cleaver.

"Oh, God! My dear old friend, endeavoring to do me a service cost you your life! But God knows, and you know, that I am not the guilty wretch who shed your blood!"

"His poor wife and family! How my heart bleeds for them," said the doctor.

"Thank God, doctor, Mr. Baily was a single man. There are neither wife or children to mourn his loss."

"I am truly glad," said the doctor, "but there are others."

"Yes, others," sobbed the prisoner, as he cast a last look at the form of his old friend and entered the buggy.

The two vehicles were driven rapidly in the direction of Coulton, while Tom Driscol remained behind as sole watcher of the dead body of the man who that morning had said to his partner: "Well, Horton, I think I will take an earlier train than I had intended on my mission to smooth the pathway of two lovers. I am anxious to see the lass that has captured Mark's heart."

"Good luck go with you, Philip!" Mr. Horton had replied. "Tell the girl's father for me that Mark is worthy of her love."

"Yes, I will, and kiss her for myself, I suppose."

"Well, if Mark will let you," Mr. Horton had laughed, as his partner closed the door behind him.

The continuation of this splendid story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscriptions, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months. With every subscription we send entirely free of cost one of our splendid stereoscopes or any six of our Standard patterns. See pages thirteen and fifteen.

The Mysterious Governess.

(Continued from page eleven.)

gesture and it was in the most peevish tones that she replied:

"Of course, if you are as ill as you claim I will have to let you go, but I can't help saying it is most unfortunate."

"It is surely more unfortunate for me than for you, Madame. You still have your home, your husband, your children; I have nothing, not even hope, and the day I leave your home I shall become a wanderer on the face of the earth. It is unfortunate, as you say, but it is I, not you, who merit the pity," and with a stately bow Adriana left Madame Boursier.

CHAPTER XII. DANGER.

It was the afternoon of the day before her departure and the governess was alone in the schoolroom with Isabelle, giving some farewell advice to the young girl. Suddenly they were recalled to reality by the sound of carriage wheels in the court below. Isabelle hastened to the window:

"Oh!" she exclaimed in delighted tones, as a sudden flow of color dyed her cheeks.

Adriana, who had followed her to the window, looked out on the occupants of the carriage who were about to mount the stairs to the house. As her eyes caught sight of the visitors, a sudden pallor overspread her features and she extended her hands blindly, seeking for support. Then, without even a moan, she fell her full length on the carpet. Isabelle turned at the sound of the fall and with a cry ran to the governess. With anxious hands she sought for the beating of the heart, but in her excitement she felt no answering throb, and, wild with terror, she rushed downstairs into the hall below just as her mother was greeting Jacques de Charmeuse and his brother-in-law, Lord Davanhoe.

"Mother," she cried, without even greeting the young men, "come quick! The governess—oh, I fear she is dead!"

Madame Boursier did not wait to hear more, for turning to her husband, she said hurriedly:

"Show our guests into the drawing-room. I will go up to see what has happened to her." And she was gone before her astonished visitors had time to recover from their surprise. Isabelle, after a few words of greeting to her lover and to Lord Davanhoe, also excused herself and followed her mother, who had already been joined by Berthe, to whom the news of the governess' illness had come with a shock. Monsieur Boursier, after showing the young men into the drawing-room, said as he excused himself:

"If you will excuse me for an instant I will telephone for a doctor."

When he returned a few minutes later, he said in explanation of the unusual excitement caused by the illness of the governess:

"You must excuse our emotions, Messieurs, but Mademoiselle Doban has so well succeeded in winning our regard that we have learned to consider her one of the family."

After this explanation a short silence followed. Jacques was preoccupied because of Isabelle's absence, Monsieur Boursier because of his anxiety for the governess. As to Lord Davanhoe, he was one of those stern, gloomy men to whom silence was habitual.

Tall of form and of elegant proportions, his fair Saxon face was prematurely aged, the eyes heavy and sad, while the drooping mouth and furrowed brow proclaimed a man who had tasted deely of the sorrows of life.

At last Monsieur Boursier, feeling he must say something, turned to Jacques de Charmeuse, saying:

"I received a telegram this afternoon from my son, stating that he would arrive this evening with Madame and Mademoiselle Longville, so we will have quite a family reunion tonight."

"A family reunion?" asked Lord Davanhoe with a start. "What do you mean, Monsieur?"

Jacques cast a pitying glance toward his brother-in-law, then hastened to answer:

"He simply means, Davanhoe, that we will have the pleasure of dining this evening with our aunt and cousin, Madame and Mademoiselle de Longville."

"Oh!" and the eager light died from Lord Davanhoe's face and as a deep sigh heaved his bosom, "I thought he—" The sentence remained unfinished for he relapsed once more into his gloomy silence.

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Meanwhile, upstairs, Madame Boursier and her daughters, with the assistance of the former's maid, were trying to bring back to consciousness the unfortunate governess. Bertha was inconsolable. This rigidity meant but one thing to her—death —and her love redoubled as she thought that she had lost forever the kind friend who had given her the first glimpse of true devotion and of love which only her youth had been denied her by her vain, selfish mother.

"Oh, mamma," she moaned hysterically, "tell me she is not dead, that she will not die!"

"Hush," impatiently answered Madame Boursier, who was angry that a simple governess should occasion so much trouble. "If you can't control yourself better, leave the room. One would think to see your grief that she was a relative, not a governess!"

"Oh, I don't care what she was! I loved her more than I ever loved any one else! Tell me she is not dead, mamma! I don't want her to die!"

An exclamation of relief from Isabelle answered her, for Adriana's lids quivered slightly. Less demonstrative than her sister, Isabelle had assisted the maid, though her heart was filled with agony and fear. But now that her efforts were rewarded by this slight return of life, she let her head droop near the white face of the governess and with a half-hysterical sob, she murmured:

"Oh, my friend, my dear, dear friend, don't leave me—don't die!"

Madame Boursier was dumfounded. All this affection, all this concern for a governess! Disgusting, she remarked.

"Well, I declare! To see you two girls one would think your whole life was centered in that woman. You couldn't do much more if it was your mother!"

Isabelle raised her tear-stained face to her mother, saying:

"Mother, you don't know, you will never know what she did for me!"

"Well, she was paid for the work, was she not?" snapped the mother, who was beginning to feel jealous of the influence this woman had gained over her daughters' hearts.

"Mother, mere money can't pay certain favors and—" Isabelle stopped for Adriana's eyes, now wide open, were fixed on her in a questioning stare.

Suddenly memory returned and with a stifled cry of terror the governess rose and looked wildly about the room. When she saw that she was alone with Madame Boursier, her daughters and the maid, she sank back on the couch on which she had been placed, saying in reproachful tones to Madame Boursier:

"Ah, Madame, Madame, why did you not let me go—why—oh, why, submit me to this awful torture?"

Madame Boursier did not have time to reply, for the doctor summoned by her husband entered the room. A rapid examination of the patient showed him that some strange mental shock had produced a swoon and that a good night's rest would restore her to her normal health. He prescribed some quieting potion, then left, assuring them that the governess would be well by morning.

As soon as he was gone Adriana rose tottering to her feet and said:

"With your permission, Madame, I will retire to my room, where I would request that no one be allowed to disturb me."

"Let me stay with you," pleaded Bertha.

"No, dear, I had best remain alone. My weakness is so great, however, that I must ask for some supporting hand as far as my room."

The two girls hastened to her assistance and Adriana, after bowing to Madame Boursier, crossed the hall to her room. Once alone with her two pupils she lost all control of herself, for throwing her arms about them in a spasm of passionate despair, she cried brokenly:

"Oh, my dear girls, may you never be called upon to suffer as I do!"

Then, more calmly, she pressed a kiss on the brow of each, and pushing them gently from her, said:

"Now leave me, dears. I am much better and will soon be entirely well. Don't let my unlucky illness destroy your happiness, my Isabelle, or sadden your eyes, my Berthe! Dear girls, whatever the future brings, always remember how sincere and deep was my love for you."

After a few more words the two girls left the governess to herself, though Bertha pleaded vainly to be allowed to remain and keep her company.

Meanwhile, Madame Boursier, having rejoined her guests in the drawing-room and resumed her husband as to the governess' condition, the formal demand of Isabelle's hand in marriage made by Lord Davanhoe and accepted with the same formal politeness by Monsieur Boursier. Isabelle entered the room soon later, after having gone to her room to arrange the disorder of her toilet. Monsieur Boursier rose and with a deep emotion on his ruddy face advanced toward her.

"My child," he said solemnly, "Monsieur le Comte de Charmeuse has just done us the honor to seek your hand in marriage. Do you accept his suit?"

With downcast eyes, but with joy in her heart, the young girl replied:

"Yes, father, if you are willing that I should do so."

"Monsieur de Charmeuse, I give my daughter into your keeping. She is the most priceless treasure I possess and in giving her to you I give you also a part of my heart! Therefore be not offended if I request you to make her happy."

With these words he placed Isabelle's hand in the extended one of the young man. Then turning to Lord Davanhoe, he continued:

"If Lord Davanhoe will follow me into the library, we can arrange the business matters, such as the settlement of dot and the details of the marriage contract."

Before leaving, Monsieur Boursier gave his wife the telegram announcing Nestor's arrival and while she went to prepare for the expected guests the lovers were left alone.

The minute Nestor entered the house he remembered the governess and the thought of what effect the presence of Madame de Longville and her daughter would produce upon her came to him with a shock of remorse. They could not have arrived still more when he met de Charmeuse and Lord Davanhoe, had not Jacques had late immediately after Isabelle's departure from his aunt's home to find his brother-in-law and he had been favored by good luck, since he had chanced Lord Davanhoe during one of his flying trips to London and with the natural impatience of a lover he had hastened to the Boursier's castle. But now their presence increased the danger against which Nestor had so solemnly promised to protect the governess.

Leaving Madame de Longville and her daughter to the care of his mother and sister, he hastened at once to the schoolroom. There he found Berthe alone by the window, weeping silently. He soon had from her all the details of Adriana's illness and her set resolution to leave them.

"Poor woman, how she must suffer!" he murmured.

Then wishing to quiet her anxiety, he asked, "Could I not speak with her for a few minutes?"

"She forbade any one going to her room. She wants to be alone," replied Berthe mournfully.

For a while Nestor was absorbed in thought, then going to a writing desk, he hastily penned the following:

"Madame: Have no fear. No one shall invade your retreat, and tomorrow evening I will have provided the means for your secretly leaving the house without having to meet those you do not wish to see again.

"Sincerely yours,

"NESTOR BOURSIER."

He sealed the note in an envelope, then returning to Berthe, said:

"There, little one, cease your tears. After giving this letter to Mademoiselle Dohan, go to your room and dress, then descend to the drawing-room. You will spend the evening with us."

"But I would rather remain here. She might need me," began Berthe.

"No, she has all need of rest and solitude. Besides, the letter you will give her will do her more good than all the doctor's drugs."

"How do you know?"

"You're too curious, my dear, and that's a great fault in a young person. If you love the governess, do as I tell you and don't let mother know of it."

Thus urged, Berthe obeyed, and after giving her brother's note to Adriana, went to her room, from which she descended, half an hour later, sweet and fresh in a simple white dress.

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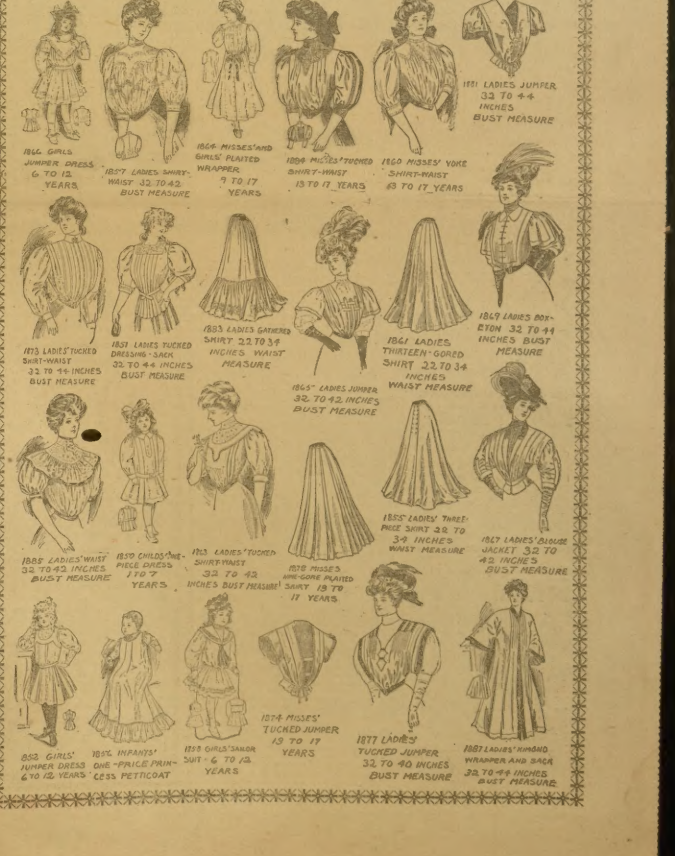
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Close beside is Sister Orange, with fair face round and sweet;
You'll be happy when she gives you something very nice to eat.

Do you see our Sister Yellow, with bright hair like the sun?
She's the beauty of the family; fresh and fair is she;

And nearly close behind her is our tender Sister Green;
She lives in trees and grasses where the dew and sun have been.

But the one we love the best of all is Sister Baby Blue:
She dwells in flowers and lakelets and in the skyland too.

Now if you look about you when the springtime weaves its spell
You will find our Sister Purple painting violets in the dell.

Laws of War.

The "laws of war" as at present formulated by the civilized nations, forbid the use of poison against the enemy; murder by treachery, as for example, assuming the uniform or displaying the flag of a foe; the murder of those who have surrendered, whether upon conditions or at discretion; declarations that no quarter will be given; the use of such arms or projectiles as will cause unnecessary pain or suffering to an enemy; the abuse of a flag of truce to gain information concerning an enemy's position; all unnecessary destruction of property, whether public or private.

They also declare that only fortified places shall be besieged, open cities or villages not to be subject to siege or bombardment; that public buildings of whatever character, whether belonging to church or State, shall be spared; that plundering by private soldiers or their officers shall be considered inadmissible; that private wealth is protected with common humanity; that the personal effects and private property of prisoners, excepting their arms and ammunition, shall be respected; that the population of an enemy's country shall be considered exempt from participation in the war, unless by hostile acts they forfeit the title to the enemy.

Personal and family honor and the religious convictions of an invaded people must be respected by the invaders, and the private property or troops or their followers strictly forbidden.

Wonderful Doll House.

Perhaps you would like to hear about the most wonderful doll's house that was ever built and which is now preserved in the museum of Utrecht, says a writer in the Circle.

The house is that of a patrician, and everywhere is evidence of the rich and tasteful comfort of the home life of that day. Here you may see the Dutch men and women of the seventeenth century in their costumes and as they lived, and as every room in the house is given, from kitchen to garret, the whole social order of the home is portrayed.

In the drawing room are placed the stuffed Lilliputians in all the naturalness of life. Here everything—the carved ivory globe on the mantelpiece, the chandelier, the tables, the chairs and their occupants—is done to scale. And this is not all. The painted ceilings are perfectly wonderful in their miniature execution. The bewigged and befounced notables are finished to the nicest detail of their toilet with absolute perfection.

Other parts of the mansion show us the kitchen, where the cook sits in front of the grand old Dutch fireplace, surrounded by the implements of her art—all done just as wonderfully to scale as the rest, and some of them are patterns in brasswork that have perished forever off the face of the earth in their natural size.

There is the room where the family washing was performed, and where the maids carry out the linen and prepared for the fine ironing.

The garden is another triumph of presentation, with its shrubs in pots and its wonderful flowers. As for the bedroom of the lady of the house, the wonder is that she ever thought it worth while to get up.

A Question of Politeness

A boy asked the editor, one day, if he thought that one member of a family had a right to enter the private room of another member, without knocking. The editor has very decided views on that subject. No one has a right to enter another person's room without knocking for permission, no matter how close and intimate the relations between them may be. Every human being has a right to privacy when he or she desires it, and should carefully avoid every sense forbidding an intrusion.

Whether you are a boy or

Sunday School Teacher—Willie, what did Lot say to his wife when she turned and looked back?
Willie—Rubber.

girl, you should not enter the room of father, mother, brother or sister without knocking or asking permission. The strict observance of this little rule not only enables the members of the family to have privacy, when they want it but it establishes and fosters a high standard of politeness that will be sure to result in elevating the character of the entire family circle. It is a great mistake to think that courtesy and politeness, in even little things, should be shown only to strangers; the family circle is the place above all others for them. Children who are taught to be punctiliously polite at home are sure to be polite out of it.

A Deaf Mute's Picnic.

The editor met a man recently who had the unique experience, last summer, of going on a picnic excursion with a large party of deaf-mutes. The excursion was by water, and attached to the boat was a large floating dance. The mutes seemed to enjoy themselves just as much as do people who can hear and talk on such occasions, for they danced and "carried on" in the jolliest fashion. It struck the observer as a peculiar thing that the dancers kept perfect time with the music. Having noticed them for some time, he spoke to one of the musicians about it, who said that the mutes felt the music through the floor, not only of the air, but of the wooden floor of the barge. In engaging the band, they had expressly stipulated for the biggest drums and bass viols, and it was the vibrations produced by these instruments chiefly, that the mutes felt. Of course the vibrations were much more perceptible to them than to persons who could hear.

Nebraska Hailstones.

A Nebraska man, who was in the East on a visit, heard some people talking about a hail storm in his section. They were as large as marbles. He listened in silence, but with a smile on his face, and then spoke.

"Do you call those little things hailstones, do you? Well, if you'll come out to Nebraska, we'll show you what hail is! The smallest hail we have out there is the size of water-buckets, and many a time I've seen it twice that big. Does it do any damage? You bet it does; but then, you see, we are fixed for it, and the fellows who are not fixed get used to it. If we are caught in a hailstorm, we just dodge the stones. In some places, the biggest stones sink ten or twelve feet below the surface of the ground, having run up against rock. Why, the State of Nebraska is a big natural icehouse, and when a farmer wants ice for family use, all he has to do is to dig it out. Great State, Nebraska!"

The Ages of Animals.

Many animals live to a great age, while others die soon after birth. Comparative ages of different animals show that the elephant lives 100 years or more, the rhinoceros 20, camel 100, lion 23 to 70, tiger, leopard, jaguar and beaver, 26 years; deer 20, wolf 20, fox 14 to 16, llama 15, chamois 25, monkey and baboon 16 to 18, hare 8, squirrel 7, rabbit 7, pig 25, stag 30, horse 30, ass 30, sheep 15, cow 20, ox 30, swan, parrot and raven 200; eagle 100, goose 80, hen and pigeon 10 to 15, hawk 16 to 40, crane 24, duck and fox 12, peacock 23, pelican 40 to 50, thrush 8 to 15, wren 2 to 5, nightingale 15, linnet cap 15, linnet 14 to 22, carp 70 to 150, pike 10 to 40, salmon 15, codfish 14, eel 10, crocodile 100, whale, estimated, 1,000; queen bee 4 years, working bee 6 months, drone 4 months.

Held Possession.

On the Cumberland mountains of Tennessee, there is a district school attended by about twenty children. One morning last January a boy arrived at the schoolhouse to build a fire he found that the window was in pieces, and he squeezed her way in through a broken pane, but could not get out again.

No one dared enter the house, and when men came with guns the cat hid under the bushes. They tried to scare her out with firecrackers and by blowing horns and beating tin dishpans, but wouldn't work. The door was left open at night, but she wouldn't go out.

The savage animal held possession of the schoolhouse for a week, and then was found dead one morning of starvation. If she came to school to be educated, she found no one to teach her.

The Boy and the Rats.

In a large warehouse in Liverpool a boy named Ernest Scott was employed to run errands. There were many rats about the place and he was told that if could catch one and bring it all all the others would leave.

A trap was set and a rat was caught but while singeing its tail according to directions the lighted paper blew into a pile of straw and started a conflagration that burned four big buildings and inflicted a loss of half a million dollars.

There are some smart boys in this world, but there are also some smart rats, and it is just as well to keep them apart. If the rat had caught the boy and lighted his hair there might have been eight buildings burned.

HIS DILEMMA.

The farmer stood viewing his field in dismay.
Good oats he had planted, yet "cheat" held sway.
"'Tis a puzzle," said they of knowledge good,
"Naught grows but what's planted—as if it could!"
"Well, then," said the farmer, "I want to know
When you plant potatoes, why do bugs grow?
I planted potatoes and hoed them through;
I planted no bugs, but the bugs came, too!"

Birds in Spring.

In April the bird season is at its height. It is the season of nesting activities, says the Pictorial Review. The males have put on their bravest dress, in order to attract their mates, their emotions have become more alluring, their song is at its richest and fullest, the happy pairs they fly hither and thither, the world being theirs to choose from, to see where they will build their nests and rear their young.

The high tide of spring helped their flight hither, and they obeyed the law of variation, when necessary, by taking the gale on the slant.

The Raining Tree.

The so-called raining tree of the Canary Islands seems to be a special provision of Providence for supplying the island with fresh water, which they would otherwise be without. A heavy mist rises every morning from the sea and rests on the thick leaves of the tree, from the which it falls in drops and the remainder of the day until it is exhausted. It is said that the water thus gained from the tree furnishes every family on one of the islands with all they need and there are specially employed to collect and distribute it.

Ten Little Henrys.

A little boy, paying his first visit to the country, was taken to the barn to see some chickens just hatched. This was his first introduction to the process of incubation and he looked with open eyes and mouth at the fluffy chicks while the hatching process was being explained to him, after which his mother was startled by his rushing into the house exclaiming: "Oh, mamma, mamma, come out to the barn quick! Uncle John has just set a hen and hatched out ten little Henrys!"